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PREFACE.

IT is with unusual gratification that the present Volume is offered to the Public: indeed with a pleasure more like that of a young budding Author, who finds himself for the first time sprouting into leaves, than the soberer enjoyment of a veteran Writer whose immortality has at least outlived two Monarchs and twice as many Ministries.

The truth is, that I seemed to have said "Amen" to the "Amenities of Literature"—to have deposited my last work on the library-shelf. For a dozen successive years, some annual volume had given token of my literary existence. I had appeared with my prose and verse as regularly as the Parish-Beadle—once a-year, as certainly as the parochial plum-pudding—at the end of e-

twelve months, like the *Station*
My show was perennial, like
Lord Mayor. But, alas! Anno
was unmarked by any such
A tie seemed snapped—a spell
be broken—my engine had go
rail! Indeed, so unusual a si
rise to the most sinister surmise
rumoured in Northamptonshire t
in a public prison—in Brussels, t
in a private madhouse—and in
that I was annihilated. It was w
in one quarter that I had quitted I
in disgust, and turned fishmonger—
other that I had enlisted, like Coler
the Dragoons—in a third, that I had
myself, like Otway, with a penny re
a fourth, that I had poisoned mysel
Chatterton; or plunged into the T
like Budgell. I had gone, like Ambro
into La Trappe—or to unsettle mysel
New Zealand. But the majority of th
porters were in favour of my demise;
a Miss Hoki, or Poki, even declared
she had seen the Angel of Death, whom

irreverently called “Great Jacky,”
ding beside my pillow. It must be con-
ed that my own character and conduct
led to countenance these rumours. Na-
lly of domestic and retired habits, my
more inclined me to the joys of a Country
than to those of a Town Lion. There
persons who seem, like Miss Blenkin-
s curls, to be never “out of the papers;”
it was no ambition of mine to be con-
stantly buzzing like a chafer in the public
, or flying like a gnat into the public
. The reporters never echoed my name
that of the Boy Jones. I had never
ed at Royalty and Notoriety with the
bullet. I had neither gone up with
Green, nor down with Corporal Davy
, — nor blown up great guns like
one Pasley,—nor tried my shell or my
ket at Woolwich like the Duc de Nor-
idie,—nor made myself a Joint-Stock
npany,—nor taken a single rod, pole, or
th in Egypt, much less an Acre. I had
made a row in Newman Street, Oxford
et, at Number Ninety. I had not even

exhibited those signs of Life in L
which are fatal to knockers and
lamps. In short, for any noise or stir
town, I might as well have been
at Holyrood. Nevertheless, the surmis-
as premature as the report that killed
Davidge. Instead of leaving this
or the world of letters, I was really
gaining — by the help of Father Mac-
and Bernard Kavanagh, *alias* Temper-
and Abstinence,—for a Renewed Lea-
Life and Literature, the first-fruits of w
are collected in this little volume.
may it contribute to that Diffusion of N
to which it has always been my aim to
a Hand !



"When taken
To be well shaken."

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VIGNETTES.

The Christening

Miss Kilmansegg and her Footman

Leading the Leg to Supper

Worship of the Leg

Love for Dinner

Going to settle

"Here's Pigtail!"

A Screw loose

Holding forth

A Capital F

Enough to sicken a Dog ..

A Pleasure-Boat

"That is my Blood you are putting in

A Friend in Need

A Free Black

"Little Pitchers have great Ears" ..

A Sechszehner

A Pirsch-Wagen

Suspended Animation

The End



A. Shuckeborn 1811. Paul M. Hermansch. 1810. Dovers 1. 13



19. *Shishir* (1971)

19. *Shishir* (1971)

19. *Shishir* (1971)

MISS KILMANSEGG

AND

HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

“What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?”

Timon of Athens.

To the very roots of the family tree,
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain ;
But waving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming ;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming !

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing ;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter :

HER PRECIOUS LEG.

And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

"Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons :
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
That was worth his own weight in money—
And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Into this world we come like ships,
 Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
 For fortune fair or fatal ;
 And one little craft is cast away
 In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
 While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !
 This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord !
 And that to be shunn'd like a leper !
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
 Another, like Colchester native, born
 To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
 Neither wind nor water proof,—
 That's the prose of Love in a Cottage,—
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
 The bid of "a mess of pottage."



Born of Fortunatus's kin,
 Another comes tenderly usher'd in
 To a prospect all bright and burnish'd :
 No tenant he for life's back slums—
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
 To a lodging ready furnish'd.



"What wide reverses of fate are there!"

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there !
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet !—
She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches ;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches !

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider:
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And even some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John,
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs !
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs
That her parents had such full pockets !

For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets !

And how was the precious Baby drest ?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon ;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring and pins will prick
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorp's—now Earl Spencer.

Per Christening.

Though Shakspeare asks us, “What's in a name?”
(As if cognomens were much the same),
There's really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?
A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?

Not to mention many a vulgar name,
 That would make a doorplate blush for shame,
 If doorplates were not so brazen !

A name? — it has more than nominal worth,
 And belongs to good or bad luck at birth —

As dames of a certain degree know,
 In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
 His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
 Bob only sounds like a page of prose
 Till turn'd into Rupertino.



" My pretiy Page."

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,
To hunt the list in the Lexicon :
And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,
White, yellow, and brown relations :
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces whose doweries knew no hitch—
Aunts as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—
Cousins German, and cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rise
Pozed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—
And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,

The fortunate brood of the Kilmansegg,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help M or N
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet ;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidified upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—

And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection :
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
A very autumnal rustle—
So full of figure, so full of fuss,
As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado ;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy — a presentation one —
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle !
On the walls — the sideboard — the ceiling-sky —
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapour !
So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls — 'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"
In such a plentiful sprinkle.

Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain ;
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,
Which the humbler female endorses—
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs !
The golden mugs and the golden jugs
That lent fresh rays to the midges !
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's !

Gold ! and gold ! the new and the old !
The company ate and drank from gold,
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry ;
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
And toasted " the Lass with the golden hair "
In a bumper of golden Sherry.

Gold ! still gold ! it rain'd on the nurse,
 Who, unlike Danæe, was none the worse ;
 There was nothing but guineas glistening !

Fifty were given to Doctor James,
 For calling the little Baby names,
 And for saying, Amen !
 The Clerk had ten,
 And that was the end of the Christening.



Her

Our youth ! our childhood ! that spring of springs !
 'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
 That nature ever invented !

*When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented !*

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt —
But what cares Phelim ? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
That's the Irish linen for shirt,
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,
That's Poverty's Irish butter,
And what does he lack to make him blest ?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel —
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty guinea coral —
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

*Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,
 Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd and lapp'd from the first
 On the knees of Prodigality,
 Her childhood was one eternal round
 Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
 Picking up gold—in reality.*

With extempore carts she never play'd,
 Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
 Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
 Like children happy and squalid ;
 The very puppet she had to pet,
 Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,
 Was a Dolly of gold—and solid !

Gold ! and gold ! 'twas the burden still !
 To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
 There was much corruption and bribery—
 The yearly cost of her golden toys
 Would have given half London's Charity Boys
 And Charity Girls the annual joys
 Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet ;
 And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day ;
 Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
 And first a goldfinch excited her wish,
 Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
 And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild-
And it shews how the bias we give to a child
Is a thing most weighty and solemn :—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring
If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
On the top of the Fish Street column ?

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors—
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals, as well as art,
That play a very important part—
“ Impressions before the letters.”

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation !
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
Ere her Governess came, or her Masters—

Teachers of quite a different kind
Had "cramm'd" her beforehand, and put her mind
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C.
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
And as how she was born a great Heiress ;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"
Till she grew as a peacock haughty ;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd desert like grapes by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with nought were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall
Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K, whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They praised—how they praised—her very small
talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then,
The Nurse brought her own little “nevy” Ben,
To play with the future May’ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubb’d, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pull’d by “a *Hairess*.”

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,

A Governess help'd to make still worse,

Giving an appetite so perverse

Fresh diet whereon to batten—

Beginning with A. B. C. to hold

Like a royal playbill printed in gold

On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,

And those about countries, cities, and towns,

Instead of their sober drabs and browns,

Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges ;—

Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick—in short

Her " Early Lessons " of every sort,

Look'd like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array

As he did one night when he went to the play ;

Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day—

Lindley Murray in like conditions—

Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,

Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask—

If you wish for similar copies ask

For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,

But always the affluent match-making kind

That ends with Promessi Sposi,

And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the
Strand;

So, along with a ring and posy,
He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused — but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess'd
 Of fortunes so truly romantic —
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong —
They ought to have purses as green and long
 As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,
 And the thousand pieces they put in it —
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
 Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more ? She learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
 Any more than at Babel's building —

And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold ! still gold ! — the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread ;
The metal had so undermined her,
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walk'd behind her.



Accident.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never listed leg,
Was a very rich bay, called Bunker—
A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Heiress how well ~~she~~ sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Bunker obtain'd a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that !
He snorted with pride and pleasure !
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,
And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desart Ass,
Or where the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the
sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter:
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a
wife,
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat !
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas ! his horse is a tit for Tat
To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be handsome and young
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flora !
But still, thank Heaven ! she clings to her seat—
Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora !

Away she gallops !—it's awful work !
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
On Bess that notable clipper !
She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park !
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her !

The fields seem running away with the folks !
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks !*
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages !

All, all is racing ! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages !

She'll lose her life ! she is losing her breath !
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her :
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner !

Alas ! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs !
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life's not worth a copper !
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, "How very improper!"

On and on !—what a perilous run !
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery !

And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she
 feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
 Like a spinner by steam machinery !

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
 As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
 With the magical Golden Water !

“Batter her ! shatter her !
Throw and scatter her !”
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer—
 “Dash at the heavy Dover !
Spill her ! kill her ! tear and tatter her !
Smash her ! crash her !” (the stones didn't flatter
 her !)
“Kick her brains out ! let her blood spatter her !
Roll on her over and over !”

For so she gather'd the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,
 As the wild horse overran it,—

Her heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, played with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite !

On ! still on ! she's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing !

On and on ! still frightfully fast !
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past !
But—yes—no—yes !—they're down at last !
The Furies and Fates have found them !
Down they go with a sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them !

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ She breathes !”

“ She don't !”

“ She'll recover !”

“ She won't !”

“ She's stirring ! she's living, by Nemesis !”

Gold, still gold ! on counter and shelf !
Golden dishes as plenty as delf !
Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises !

Gold ! fine gold ! — both yellow and red,
Beaten, and molten — polish'd, and dead —
To see the gold with profusion spread
In all forms of its manufacture !
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
Has met with a compound fracture ?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart ;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart ;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate —
In the hope of a Golden Service of State —
With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
Referring to juvenile bias :

And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,
By a very, very remarkable whim,
She shew'd her early tuition :
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show
The nursery culture long ago,
As the graft is known by fruition !

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
And three others concurr'd to egg it ;
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved !
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
Which makes some persons so falter,
They rather would part, without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their
bone,
They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
She spoke, in the spirit olden ;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have
wood !
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
The proxy limb should be golden !

A wooden leg ! what, a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies !
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmannsegg !
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas !

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratical article :
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on ! stagger'd on ! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle !

And Cork !—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,

'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
 But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
 Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,
 It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
 To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
 Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—she could—she would have her
whim,
Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
He might kill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,
 Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,
 She writhed with impatience more than pain,
 And utter'd “pshaws!” and “pishes!”
 But a Leg of Gold! as she lay in bed,
 It danced before her—it ran in her head!
 It ~~jump'd~~ with her dearest wishes!

“Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!”
 Asleep or awake that tale she told,
 And when she grew delirious:

Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank ;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal — not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf —
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter !
And to make it more costly, just over the knee,
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,
A new-fangled Badge of the Garter !

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County !

Her Fame.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
 On a field of battle we scatter !
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,
 So little is said on the matter !

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the
 green,
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover ;
Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
 Than the leg that a fly runs over !

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
 Was the theme of all conversation !
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
 To the heads and tails of the nation !

East and west, and north and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—
The Leg was in every body's mouth,
 To use a poetical figure,
Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,
 Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead ;
Debates in the House were hardly read ;
In vain the Police Reports were fed
 With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
The Leg ! the Leg ! was the great event,
Through every circle in life it went,
 Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
 Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction !
It Burked the very essays of Burke,
And, alas ! how Wealth over Wit plays the
 Turk !
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
 Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

“ A leg of gold ! what of solid gold ? ”
Cried rich and poor, and young and old,—

And Master and Miss and Madam—
 'Twast the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
 And with men of scientific rank,
 It made as much stir as the fossil shank
 Of a Lizard coeval with Adam !

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
 Men who had lost a limb themselves,
 Its interest did not dwindle—
 But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom,
 Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
 If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
 Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
 By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
 Through Exaggeration's touches,
 The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs •
 Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,
 And a pair of Golden Crutches !

Never had Leg so great a run !
 'Twere "go" and the "Kick" thrown into one !
 The mode—the new thing under the sun,
 The rage—the fancy—the passion !
 Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,

And stockings and shoes,
Of golden hues,
Took the lead in the walks of fashion !

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,
The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches !

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man
Shared, on the allegorical plan,
By the Passions that mark Humanity,
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear
By looking down at his kerseymere.
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
 And down go the everlasting looks,
 To his crural beauties so wedded !
 Try him, wherever you will, you find
 His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
 All prongs and folly—in short a kind
 Of Fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
 With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
 Fit for the court of Scander Beg,
 Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,
 In petticoats stuff'd or quilted ?
 Not she ! 'twas her convalescent whim
 To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—
 Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
 Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
 And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
 To Polish or Lapland lovers—
 Cards like that hieroglyphical call
 To ~~the~~ ^{the}ographical Fancy Ball
 On the recent Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too— *
 Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
 Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,

That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
That promised a Golden Lion !

Her Fancy Ball.

Of all the spirits of evil fame
That hurt the soul, or injure the frame,
And poison what's honest and hearty,
There's none more needs a Mathew to preach
A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
To praise and enforce
A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas ! with their cheers, and sneers, and
jeers,
They're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears,
To drive their enemies frantic !

Tories love to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,

With their writhing and pain delighted--
But after all that's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor
To the malice and spite of a party next door,
To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
At least for the usual season ;
But hark ! a clatter of horses' heels ;
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
Like Wilful Murder and Treason !

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
That Nature demands imperious ;
But Echo takes up the burden now,
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till Silence herself seems making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious !

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
Are ~~shining~~ like winkin'—Venus and Mars
Are rolling along in their golden cars
Through the sky's serene expansion—
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
Of the Kilmansegg's luminous mansion !

*Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright !
His bedchamber windows look so bright,
With light all the Square is glutted !
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
And a tremor sickens his inward man,
For he feels as only a gentleman can,
Who thinks he's being "gutted."*

*Again Fear settles, all snug and warm ;
But only to dream of a dreadful storm
From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;*

*But the only electric body that falls,
Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,
And draws the peal that so appals
From the Kilmansegg's brazen knocker !*

*'Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—
And perchance 'tis the English Second-Sight,
But whatever it be, so be it—
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
 Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
 As many more
 Mob round the door,
 To see them going to see it !*

*In they go—in jackets, and cloaks,
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,*

As if to a Congress of Nations :
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks —
Some like original foreign works,
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,
For some of low Fancy are lovers —
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,
Here and there, and in and out,
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
Is one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
Open mouth'd like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,
Like that fish for routing, a barbel —
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers ;
Dukes descended from Norman spears ;
Earls that dated from early years ;

And Lords in vast variety—
Besides the Gentry both new and old—
For people who stand on legs of gold,
Are sure to stand well with society.

“ But where—where—where ? ” with one accord
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
 Thump ! lump !
 Lump ! thump !
Like the Spectre in “ *Don Giovanni* ! ”

And lo ! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
 In the garb of a Goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop’d up to a gem in front,
 To shew the Leg that was Golden !

Gold ! still gold ! her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold ;
 And her robe’s auriferous spangles !
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt !
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
 Where a golden bugle dangles !

And her jewell'd Garter ? Oh, Sin ! Oh, Shame !
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That bring such blots on female fame !

But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was loop'd quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order !

But what have sin or shame to do
With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too ?

Away with all Prudery's panics !
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin,

Is a fact made plain
Again and again,
In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,
And fear'd their charms would meet with checks
From so rare and splendid a blazon—
A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—and "bold!"
And said of the Leg it might be gold,
But to them it looked like brazen !

"Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,
Virtue, and Beauty, and all that's good,

To strike to mere dross their topgallants—
 But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
 Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
 Nay, what the most talented head on earth
 To a Leg worth fifty Talents !

But the men sang quite another hymn
 Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
 Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,
 And its indecorum pardon'd—
 While half of the young—ay, more than half—
 Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,
 Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg ! what fancies it fired !
 What golden wishes and hopes inspired !
 To give but a mere abridgement —
 What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf !
 What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf !
 What a leg for a marching regiment !

A Golden Leg !—whatever Love sings,
 'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"
 With which the Romantic wheedles,
 'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—
 'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,
 N.B.—Not the parish beadle's !

And Lady K. nod-nodded her head,
Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,
Some Mussul-womanish mystery ;
 But whatever she meant
 To represent,
She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost ;
And then how much the gold one cost ;
 With its weight to a Trojan fraction :
And how it took off, and how it put on ;
And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,
 To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest ;
And led it where the light was best ;
And made it lay itself up to rest
 In postures for painters' studies :
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
Than it takes to exhibit a Six-Legg'd Calf
To a boothful of country Cuddies.

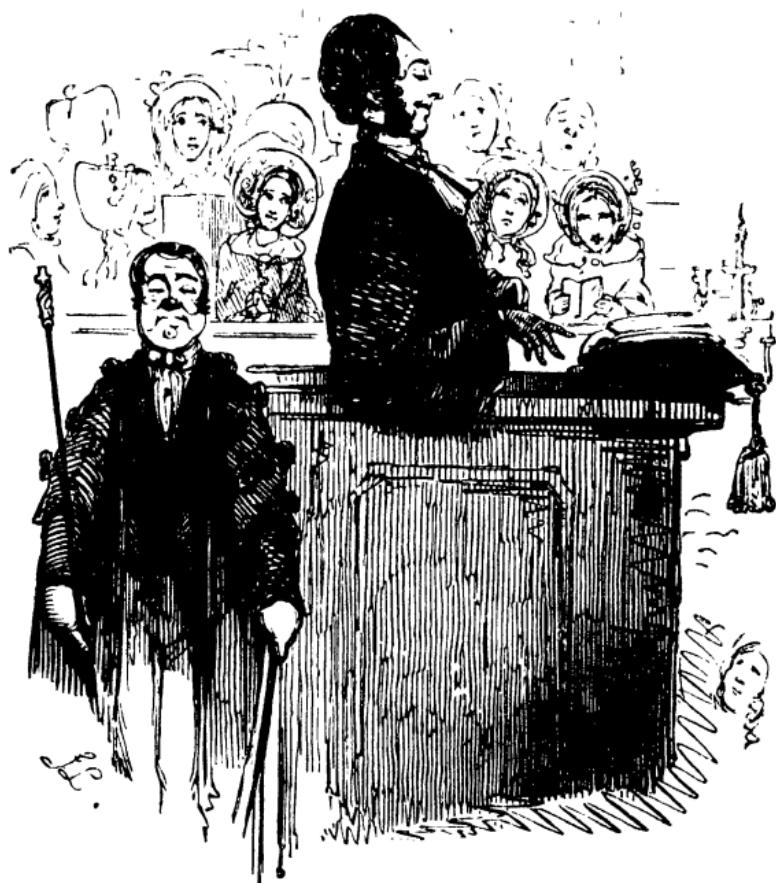
Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
The arts that help to make a hit,
 And preserve a prominent station.

She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share ;
And took a part in " Rich and Rare
Were the gems she wore"—and the gems were there,
Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France
To dance—alas ! the measures we dance
When Vanity plays the Piper !
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
And lead all sorts of legs astray,
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
Since Satan first play'd the Viper !

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear,
To row with down the river—
A Bonze had her golden bow to hold ;
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold ;
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour,
With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
But although she began *andante*,
Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
When she finish'd off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a *Figuranté* !



"Vanity, vanity, apt to betray."

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
And golden opinions, of course, it won
From all different sorts of people—
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
In one vociferous peal of praise,
Like the peal that rings on Royal days
From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
That dance for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
The jeers it had met,—the shouts ! the scoff !
The cutting advice to "take itself off,"
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
That teach little girls and boys to dance,
To set, pousette, recede, and advance,
With the steps and figures most proper,—
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
How little of praise or grist would have come
To a mill with such a hopper !

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
Bartering capers and hops for corn—
That meet with public hisses and scorn,
Or the morning journal denounces—

Had it pleas'd to caper from morn till dusk,
There was all the music of "Money Musk"
In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark!—as slow as the strokes of a pump,
Lump, thump!
Thump, lump!
As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump



To a lower room from an upper—
Down she goes with a noisy dint,
For taking the crimson turban's hint,
A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint
Is leading the Leg to supper !

But the supper, alas ! must rest untold,
With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,
For to paint that scene of glamour,
It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,
Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,
An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm
That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only **HE**—could fitly state
THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF GOLDEN PLATE,

With the proper phrase and expansion—
The Rare Selection of **FOREIGN WINES**—
The **ALPS OF ICE** and **MOUNTAINS OF PINES**,

The punch in **OCEANS** and sugary shrines,
The **TEMPLE OF TASTE** from **CUNTER'S DESIGNS**—

In short, all that **WEALTH** with **A FEAST** combines,

In a **SPLENDID FAMILY MANSION**.

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest
Ate and drank of the very best,
According to critical conners—
And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
And as somebody swore,
Walk'd off with more
Than its share of the “ Hips !” and honours !

“ Miss Kilmansegg !—
Full glasses I beg !—
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg !”
And away went the bottle careering !
Wine in bumpers ! and shouts in peals !
Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering !

Dream.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
For the Rout was done and the riot :
The Square was hush'd ; not a sound was heard ;
The sky was gray, and no creature stirr'd,
Except one little precocious bird,
That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within ;—

It had been a sin

To drop a pin—

So intense is silence after a din,

It seem'd like Death's rehearsal !

To stir the air no eddy came ;

And the taper burnt with as still a flame,

As to flicker had been a burning shame,

In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last ;

And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,

Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover ;

Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,

From the piece of work just ravell'd out,

For one of the pleasures of having a rout

Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,

Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean ;

But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,

That was fit for a Royal Chamber.

On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath ;

And the damask curtains hung beneath,

Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,

With golden bodies and golden wings,—

Mere fins for such solidities—

Two Cupids, in short,
Of the regular sort,
But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
A fit mantle for *Night-Commanders* !
And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd,
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet ;
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it ?

Oh, bed ! oh, bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head ;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease !
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble !

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony !

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the Land of Nod, or where you please ;
But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,
With an anxious brain,
And thoughts in a train
That does not run upon *sleepers* !

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
But more profitless vigils keeping,—
Wide awake in the dark they stare,
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
As if that Crook-Back'd Tyrant Care
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh ! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain,

Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smoothes the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking—
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart
As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and
nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles :
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—
A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !
 That heav'n upon earth to the weary head,
 Whether lofty or low its condition !
 But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
 In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
 Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
 As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
 Took off her independent Leg
 And laid it beneath her pillow,
 And then on the bed her frame she cast,
 The time for repose had come at last,
 But long, long, after the storm is past
 Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
 That belong to common household affairs—
 Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs
 Who lie with a shrewd surmising
 That while they are couchant (a bitter cup !)
 Their bread and butter are getting up,
 And the coals—confound them !—are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
 Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone,
 And cannot make a doze her own,

For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to balk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail :
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
To cause some human commotion ;
But whenever such breezes coincide
With the very spring-tide
Of human pride,
There's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled, and toss'd,
With a tumult that would not settle :
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold !—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,
And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould !
 In the very scheme of her dream it told ;
 For, by magical transmutation,
 From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
 Till, gold above, and gold below,
 She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
 To her organ of Veneration !



And still she retain'd, through Fancy's art,
 The Golden Bow, and the Golden Dart,
 With which she had played a Goddess's part

In her recent glorification.
And still, like one of the self-same brood,
On a Plinth of the selfsame metal she stood
For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,
From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd

As a horse without a bridle :
What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
She was turn'd to a Golden Idol ?

Her Courtship.

When leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,
The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, those Two, in the world alone,
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,
That scenting the gust of happier hours,

They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—
The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat

Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss every where,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,
Like a rose among snows of Sweden?
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,
Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden!

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler !
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler !

But, alas ! alas ! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate !
'T is a strange and painful mystery !
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;
The more the fish, the worse the catch ;
The more the sparks, the worse the match ;
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick--
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the "Man of her choice"
In a matrimonial raffle !

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,



'Where must Love have gone to beg?"

With so ample a competition,
She chose the least worthy of all the group,
Just as the vulture makes a stoop,
And singles out from the herd or troop
The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady British-born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the
thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm
In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,
He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
At least when Glory is off parade,
With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
And frogs—that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
At one of those holes that buttons go through,
(To be a precise recorder)

A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,
That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,
Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it help'd his chance—
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—
Act the tender, and do the cruel ;
For amongst his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel !

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—
Besieging her Castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French
In phrases the most sentimental :
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.



The Foreign Count.

And then the sordid bargain to close,
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,

The lady's consent he requited—
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model, in small, of her Precious Leg—

And so the couple were plighted !

But, oh ! the love that gold must crown !
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,
As if all the fairies had dress'd her !
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives
birth,
Except that he never will part on earth
With his true love's crooked tester !

Alas ! for the love that's link'd with gold !
Better—better a thousand times told—
More honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing
amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible !

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
Who loves as she labours, with all her might,
 And without any sordid leaven !
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
Down to her very finger-tips,
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
 Cut out of the azure of Heaven !

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one !
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
 Through clouds of most splendid tinges ;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
 But now seem'd made
 Of gold brocade,
 With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
 From river, and hill, and valley ;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,
 Like Cleopatra's Galley !

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnish'd ;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
And above them all,
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd !

And lo ! for Golden Hours and Joys,
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
And their gilded emblems carried !
In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
By mortals call'd the First of May,
When Miss Kilmangegg,
Of the Golden Leg,
With a Golden Ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,
Counted the clock from eight till ten,
From St. James's sonorous steeple ;
For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,
There's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for a mob to behold
The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold !
And the Footmen tall, and the Coachman bold,
 In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seem'd so rich with golden lace,
 That they might have been independent.

Coats that made those menials proud
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
 From their gilded elevations ;
Not to forget that saucy lad
(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The Page, who look'd, so splendidly clad,
 Like a Page of the " Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late
 Turn'd into a Dresden Figure ;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been
 Groom
 He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom ! the Count !
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,

And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial ;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear,
To make him look celestial !

And then—Great Jove !—the struggle, the
crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
Was fully display'd in alighting !

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see !
A shocking act had it chanced to be
A crooked leg or a skinny :
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more
Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and lo ! she was launch'd !
All in white, as Brides are *blanch'd*,
With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,

That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more
As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor,
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson on making sure of his prize
The famous Mexican Galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,
But she cut the performance shorter ;
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
Wherever a glance was seizable ;
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six "Handsome Fortunes," all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—

And rehearse their own hymeneals ;
And then the bright procession to close,
They were followed by just as many Beaux
Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',

Pursued by a thunder of laughter :
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
Would fain have follow'd after !

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout ;
But the temple was full "inside and out,"
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about

Like bees when the day is sunny—
A buzz universal that interfered
With the rite that ought to have been revered,
As if the couple already were smear'd
With Wedlock's treacle and honey !

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing !
'Tis something like thatfeat in the ring

Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a “Grand Equestrian Troop”
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
 Not certain at all
 Of what may befall
After his getting through it !

But the Count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
 Or bold piratical schipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage “a hand” in church
 As a hand on board his clipper !

And how did the Bride perform her part ?
Like any Bride who is cold at heart,
 Mere snow with the ice’s glitter ;
What but a life of winter for her !
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
 When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife !
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
 A few short words were to settle—
 Wilt thou have this woman ?
 I will — and then,



'Wilt thou have this woman?"

Wilt thou have this man ?

I will, and Amen.—

And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels' ken,

Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign'd—and kiss'd the kiss :

And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,

As a Countess walk'd to her carriage—

Whilst Hymen preen'd his plumes like a dove,

And Cupid flutter'd his wings above,

In the shape of a fly—as little a Love

As ever look'd in at a marriage !

Another crash—and away they dash'd,

And the gilded carriage and footmen flash'd

From the eyes of the gaping people—

Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and-heel

Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,

To the merry sound of a wedding-peal

From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells ! those wedding-bells !

How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells

From a tow'r in an ivy-green jacket !

But town-made joys how dearly they cost ;

And after all are tumbled and tost,

Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost

In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
With grass or heather beneath our heels,—

For bells are Music's laughter!—
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
With vulgar noises and voices impure,
What a harsh and discordant overture
To the Harmony meant to come after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
To cloud the face of the honeymoon

With a dismal occultation!—
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
The Countess and Count, at the present nick,
Have a chicken and not a crow to pick
At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
Who,—hearty as hippocampus,—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
And in lieu of anchovy—grampus!

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh;
With wines the most rare and curious—
Wines, of the richest flavour and hue;

With fruits from the worlds both Old and
New ;
And fruits obtain'd before they were due
At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
What is *in* season, for what is *out*,
And prefer all precocious savour :
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;
Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
Such as the wealthy City could spare,
To put in a portly appearance—
Men whom their fathers had help'd to gild :
And men who had had their fortunes to build,
And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
Not the last to enjoy a feast !
And truly they were not idle !
Luckier far than the chestnut tits,
Which, down at the door, stood champing their
bitts,
At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
And fain would the Muse deny it,
But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
As if they had come to buy it !

Then away ! away ! with all the speed
That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
Concurr'd to urge the cattle—
Away they went, with favours white,
Yellow jackets, and pannels bright,
And left the mob, like a mob at night,
Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away ! away ! they rattled and roll'd,
The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
That faded charm to the charmer !
Away,—through Old Brentford rang the din,
Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
That hill, named after one of her kin,
The Hill of the Golden Farmer !

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust !
It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust ;
In each open palm it was freely thrust ;

There was nothing but giving and taking !
And if gold could ensure the future hour,
What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
But alas ! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
Of opulence end in breaking !

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,

Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shews most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
Is the moon—so called—of honey !

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender :

Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's
boons,
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and
dear,
When the magic of love is present :
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding :
Love that no golden ties can attach,

But nestles under the humblest thatch,
 And will fly away from an Emperor's match
 'To dance at a Penny Wedding !



Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
 When such a bright Planet governs the fate
 Of a pair of united lovers !

'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
 To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
 With as much of the old original bliss
 'As mortality ever recovers !

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,
 In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
 That the single sorts know nothing about—

I

MISS KILMANSEGG AND

And a fist is strongest when doubled—
 And double aqua-fortis, of course,
 And double soda-water, perforce,
 Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
 Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon ;
 And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
 Of the beauty of double-blowing—
 A double dahlia delights the eye ;
 And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
 When a double rainbow is glowing !

There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;
 As well as a double allowance of coals—
 In a coat that is double-breasted—
 In double windows and double doors ;
 And a double U wind is blest by scores
 For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes ;
 And a double barrel and double snipes
 Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :
 There's double safety in double locks ;
 And double letters bring cash for the box ;
 And all the world knows that double knocks
 Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
 And a double at Whist and a double Times
 In profit are certainly double—
 By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape :
 And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
 And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
 And of course there's a doubl' pleasure therein
 If the parties were brought to telling :
 And however our Dennises take offence,
 A double meaning shews double sense ;
 And if proverbs tell truth,
 A double tooth
 Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
 Through whatever the list discovers,
 They are all in the double blessedness summ'd
 Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
 The Marriage of two true Lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg Moon — it must 1
 told —
 Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
 Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,

And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,

And the thrush and the blackbird were
singing —

The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,

And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth

Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features ?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and mind
With simplicity ever at battle ?
A bride of an ostentatious race,

Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden
lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at
limb

For which she had been such a martyr :
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass ;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,
That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter !

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields—
And barely knew turnips from clover ;
She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed nature, “ O rus ! O rus ! ”
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorbed in a worldly torpor—

Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,
She was far too pamper'd a madam—
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The lark still carols the self-same song
That he did to the uncurst Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;
And as for the birds in the thicket,
Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch, she was far too rich
To care for a Morning Concert to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,

As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
 Her mind was made up and fully imprest
 That felicity could not be rural !

And the Count ? — to the snow-white lambs :
 play,
 And all the scents and the sights of May,
 And the birds that warbled their passion,
 His ears, and dark eyes, and decided nose,
 Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
 That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
 The Huile Antique,
 And Parfum Unique,
 In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
 Of his rural bias so far it went
 As to covet estates in ring fences —
 And for rural lore he had learn'd in town
 That the country was green, turn'd up with brow
 And garnish'd with trees that a man might
 down
 Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
 The Pair might have had few quarrels or non
 For their tastes thus far were in common ;

But faults he had that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalmose woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—
Enjoying their "moon and honey for two"
They were scarcely seen together !

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg
A little exposed, *à la* Kilmannsegg,
And roll'd her eyes in their sockets !
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs described by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of
cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets !

Moreover he loved the deepest stake
And the heaviest bets the players would make ;
And he drank—the reverse of sparingly,—
And he used strange curses that made her
fret ;

And when he play'd with herself at piquet,
She found, to her cost,
For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas ! that hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues ;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
As the Count's in the “ Barber of Seville ”—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night
Woke and started up in affright,

And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil !

¶er

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters ?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters ?

Home-made physic, that sickens the sick ;
Thick for thin and thin for thick ;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity ?
And since our Parents, called the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
... Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings

With a Persian exaltation :
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,
As if it were new, bran new from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo ! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation ;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
The water that gold dissolves in !

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
Those tears for a mother's insanity ;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
To Death—with his usual urbanity ;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
Without relief, and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,

When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother !
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled ;
And how she had learn'd by sad degrees
That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,
That he “ swindled, intrigued, and gambled.”

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John ;
And came to bed with his garments on ;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And call'd her lap-dog “ Wenus.”

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,
Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd still
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,
From gin, tobacco, and onion!
And then how wildly he used to stare!
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,



'He brought *strange* Gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy line."

And cards will conspire as in treason :
And what with keeping a hunting-box,

Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks ;
Stultz's frocks,
Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks,
Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,

If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason !

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
 To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one who was gone or going to smash,
For his checks no longer drew the cash,
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
 “ He had overdrawn his badger.”

Gold, gold — alas! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,

In Vice's Walpurgis revel !
Alas ! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance the devil !

Alas ! for the last of a Golden race !
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
She had warrant for all her clamour—
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse as the Pauper who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer !

Her Last Will.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension ;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,

So current before her bridal—
The Countess heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping.

Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing
To shew her calf to cobbler and king,
But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a
prize,
By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation :
For legs are not to be taken off
By a verbal amputation.

And mortals when they take a whim,
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
That stands upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fastened on her Leg,
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel :
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till madden'd for desperate matters,
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smiled,
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;



“Where there 's a *will* there 's a way.”

But the calm was deceitful and sinister !
 A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea—
 For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
 The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
 And that very night to administer !

Her

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
 How often mortality stands on the brink
 Of its grave without any misgiving :
 And yet in this slippery world of strife,
 In the stir of human bustle so rife,
 There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
 Is dying, and Death is living !

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
 Bright as they are with hope and joy,
 How their souls would sadden instanter,
 To remember that one of those wedding bells,
 Which ring so merrily through the dells,
 Is the same that knells
 Our last farewells,
 Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
 How little the wretched Countess thought,

When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head
Moth,
Was fluttering round her candle !

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime
The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the Shadow which follow'd was double !
Or when she closed her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robes she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took
flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a
night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or, along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain !

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow ;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,
Along with its daily clothing ?
Just as the felon condemned to die—
With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,
Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,

Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys,
That flash'd a bright
And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug !
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug !

Her godfather's golden presents !
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
And her golden fishes and pheasants !

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her
nurse,

Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were paved with
gold—

And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—
With each golden thing
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage !

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night that roar'd without was one

To terrify seamen or gipsies—
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
That time had lately embitter'd—
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That Foot which now he wanted to melt !
But—hush !—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg !—she knew its gleam !
And up she started, and tried to scream,—
But ev'n in the moment she started —
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And, lost in the universal flash
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
The Spark, called Vital, departed !



Gold, still gold ! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken ;
In they morning they found her all alone—
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
But her Leg, the Golden Leg was gone,
And the “Golden Bowl was broken !”

Gold—still gold ! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the Jury debated from twelve till three
What the Verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
“Because her own Leg had killed her !”

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled :
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;



Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold :
Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary--
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary !



Going to settle.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

"Mistress of herself, tho' China fall."—POPE.

"I CAN'T understand it," said my Uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading, and looking up over the fireplace, at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother, when he was mate of an East Indiaman. My Aunt was seated beside my Uncle, with her cotton-box, playing at working; and Cousin Tom was working at playing, in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk, to take our tea, which, through an old connexion with Cathay, was certain to be first-rate at the cottage. "Why on earth," continued my Uncle,—"why on earth we should go to war about the Opium business quite passes my comprehension."

"And mine too," chimed in my Aunt, whose bent it was to put in a word, and put out an argument, as often as she had an opportunity; "I always thought opium was a lulling, soothing sort of thing, more likely to compose people's passions than to stir them up."

My Uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie's picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy's grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler—for my Aunt's allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking, as interrupting the discourse.

“The Sulphur question,” she continued, “is quite a different thing. That's all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece if we were to send our men-of-war, and frigates, and fireships, to bombard Mount Vesuvius.”

“I should like to see it,” said my Father, in his quietest tone, and with his gravest face, for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed Grand Display of Pyrotechnics!

“To go back,” resumed my Uncle, “to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Captain Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese

“And a very civil thing of him, too,” remarked my Aunt.

“Eh!—what?” exploded my Uncle, as snapishly as a Waterloo cracker.

“To be sure,” said my Aunt, in a deprecating tone, “it might be a Friday, and a fast day, as to meat——”

“As to what?”

“As to meat,” repeated my Aunt, resolutely, “I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese.”

“Phoo! nonsense!” ejaculated my Uncle. “A chop is a document.”

“Well, it’s not my fault,” retorted my Aunt, “if things abroad are called by their wrong names. What is a chop, then, in Chinese—I mean a pork or mutton one—is it called a document?”

My Uncle gave a look upwards, worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted—but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My Father tried to mend matters as usual. “After all, brother,” he said, “my sister’s mistake was natural and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops and steaks. Besides, she has had greater blunderers to keep her in countenance—you remember the needless resentment there was about the ‘Barbarian Eye.’”

“To be sure he does,” said my Aunt; “and why should I be expected to know Chinese any more than Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who,—especially when it’s such

a difficult language besides, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics?"

"But what says the pamphleteer?" said my Father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.

"Why, he says," replied my Uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug, that it produces the most demoralising effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."

"No, nor a wholesome one, neither," returned my father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here—a return of our exports to the Celestial Empire?"

"The author means to imply," said my Uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."

"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my Aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke printed cottons and calicoes, and chew Brummagen hardware and cutlery, like the ostriches!"

"I believe it is but a Brummagen argument after all," said my Father, "a mercantile interest plated over with morality. It's the old

story in the spelling-book—‘There’s nothing like leather.’ The pamphleteer and Commissioner Lin are both of a mind in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious, demoralising effects of the article are found out only in 1840?—The opium trade with China is of long standing—it is as old as—”

“Robinson Crusoe,” cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where Cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper-kite at the same time.

“Robinson Fiddlesticks!” cried my Aunt: “boys oughtn’t to talk about politics. What in the world has opium-chewing to do with a desert island?”

“He had a whole cargo of it,” muttered Tom, “when he went on his voyage to China.”

“The lad’s right,” said my Father. “Go, Tom, and fetch the book,”—and Defoe’s novel was produced in a twinkling. “The lad’s right,” repeated my Father, reading aloud from the book,—“here’s the very passage. ‘From Sumatra,’ says Crusoe, ‘we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price amongst the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there.’”

“That’s to the point, at any rate,” said my Uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy. But my Aunt did not so much relish Tom’s victory, and on some household pretence took herself out of the room.

“It is a sad job this war, and I am sorry for it,” said my Father, with a serious shake of his head. “I have always had a sneaking kindness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have outrun them now in the race of civilisation; but, no doubt, there was a time when comparatively they were refined, and we were the barbarians.”

“It is impossible to doubt it,” said my Uncle, with great animation. “To say nothing of their invention of gunpowder, and their discovery of the mariner’s compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old china. It is, I may say, quite a passion— inherited perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the antique Oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste.”

“And she had Horace Walpole,” said my Father, “to back her opinion.”

“To be sure she had,” replied my Uncle, eagerly; “and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant

tea-services, to convince one that they are not made any more than their vessels of the commoner earth. You feel at once——”

“ That Slang Whang is a gentleman,” said my Father, “ and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names.”

My Uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Mathew. “ To look at a Chinese service,” he said, “ is enough of itself to make one a tee-totaller. It inspires one—at least it does me—with the Exquisite’s horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking-vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse-buckets to bird-glasses; and, remembering their huge flagons, and black-jacks and wassail-bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish, in their draughts.”

“ They must, indeed,” said my Father.

“ Now here is a delicate drinking-vessel,” continued my Uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. “ What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?”

“ At a guess,” replied my Father, very gravely, “ nothing coarser than mountain-dew.”

“Yes,” said my Uncle, with enthusiasm; “to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is, indeed, like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong! — ”

“She must have had thinner lips than a Negro,” said my Father.

“And what a ladylike hand!” exclaimed my Uncle; “for such a Lilliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers.”

“Her hand must be like her foot,” said my Father, “which is never bigger than a child’s.”

“And there, again, we have a proof of refinement,” said my Uncle. “Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shews the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility.”

“And it is somewhat remarkable,” said my Father, “that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time — the pigtail.”

“Exactly,” said my Uncle. “But here is the lady,” and he took up another of his grandmother’s brittle legacies, “on a plate that ought

to be a plate to Moore's 'Paradise and the Peri.' Just hold it up towards the window, and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine, you observe, to a sort of moonlight."

"Very transparent, indeed," said my Father. "And yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."

"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my Uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"

"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my Father.

"Whichever you please," said my Uncle: "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in Paradise, of earth and heaven."

"Very poetical, indeed," said my Father. "And those curly-tailed swallows, and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."

"Exactly so," said my Uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."

“He would not, indeed,” said my Father, “even if he could get an act of parliament for it.”

“Not he,” cried my Uncle. “All must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but, on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road, the farther end of which is lost in that white blank, which may or may not stand for the atmosphere —”

“And yet,” said my Father, “that little man in petticoats is walking up it as if he had an errand at the other end.”

“For aught we know,” said my Uncle, “it may be an allegory—and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the meantime we may gather some hints of the character of the people from their porcelain,—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrence of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined only to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armed figure, weapons, or any

allusion to war, and its attributes, in any of their enamels."

"So much the worse for them," said my Father; "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a teapot. It will be like the china vessel in the old fable, coming in contact with the brazen one. There will be a fine smash, brother, of your favourite ware!"

"A smash! where?" inquired my Aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. "What are you talking of?"

"Of a Bull in a China Shop," said my Father, with a hard wink at my Uncle.

"Yes, that's a dreadful smash, sure enough," said my Aunt. "There was Mrs. Starkey, who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at Smithfield Bars—she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At first, she says, he was quiet enough, for besides racing up and down St. John Street, he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington, and Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs, and mugs, and things, as if admiring the patterns."

"And pray," inquired my Uncle, "where was Mrs. Starkey in the meantime?"

“Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in the back-parlour, and saw every thing by peeping through a crack of the green curtain over the glass-door. So the mad Bull stood staring at the crockery, quiet enough ; when, unluckily, with a swish of his tail, he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets ; for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up afresh, for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarters. Well, round turns the Bull, quite savage, v S, another loud bellow, as much as to say, ‘I would like to know who did that?’ when what should he see by bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as big as our Tom there, a-grinning and nodding at him with its head.”

“Commissioner Lin,” said my Father, with a significant nod at my Uncle.

“Mrs. Starkey thinks,” continued my Aunt, “that the mad Bull took the China figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so lifelike,—however, the more the Bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at

long and at last, the Bull got so aggravated, that sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him all into shivers."

"And there you have the whole history," said my Father, with another nod to my Uncle, "of a War with China."



'Here's Pigtail!'

AN OPEN QUESTION.

"It is the king's highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions."— *Bunyan.*

WHAT ! shut the Gardens ! lock the latticed gate !

Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket !

And hang a wooden notice up to state,

"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket !"

The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race

Denied to friends and visitors till Monday !

Now, really, this appears the common case

Of putting too much Sabbath into *Sunday*—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. *Grundy*?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub

Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—

Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—

Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses ?

No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—

Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—

The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,

And does not send out porter of a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. *Grundy* ?

The Bear denied ! the Leopard under locks !
As if his spots would give contagious fevers ;
The beaver close as hat within its box ;
So different from other Sunday beavers !
The Birds invisible—the Gnaw-way Rats—
The Seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
The Monkey tribe—the Family of Cats,—
We visit other families on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What is the brute profanity that shocks
The super-sensitively serious feeling ?
The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox
To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling ?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,
Struck all a heap to see a *coati mundi* ?
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday ?—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What feature has repulsed the serious set ?
What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
To put their tender fancies on the fret ?
One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding !
Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—
But then the beasts are pious on these points,

For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
As if transmuted by some spell organic ?
Turns fell Hyæna of the Ghoulish race ?
The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic ?
Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows
That now and then Good Friday falls on
Monday)—

Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,
Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
And think when they are dismal they are pious :
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What dire offence have serious Fellows found
To raise their spleen against the Regent's
spinney ?

Were charitable boxes handed round,
And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their
guinea?

Perchance, the Demoiselle refused to moult
The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;
Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt
A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?
Who mourns through Monkey tricks his
damaged clothing?
Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian Goose?
On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?
Some Smithfield Saint did jealous feelings tell
To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
Because he prey'd extempore as well
As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems that in the oddest way
(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)
Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day
Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious—
As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk
About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,
As any harmless man to take a walk,

If Saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
 As surely as I am a Christian scion,
 I cannot think it is a mortal sin—
 (Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.
 I really think that one may go, perchance,
 To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—
 (That is, provided that he did not dance)
 Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,
 I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
 Beeause no children, with forestalling smiles,
 Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor —
 It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
 That what we christen “ Natural” on Monday,
 The wondrous history of Bird and Beast,
 Can be Unnatural because it's Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work ?
 The Dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven ?
 The tender Love-Bird—or the filial Stork ?
 The punctual Crane—the providential Raven ?

The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young ?

Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday
That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,

Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The busy Beaver—that sagacious beast !

The Sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That Desart-ship, the Camel of the East,

The horn'd Rhinoceros—the spotted Leo-
pard—

The Creatures of the Great Creator's hand

Are surely sights for better days than Mon-
day—

The Elephant, although he wears no band,

Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—

— But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,

Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to asoil,

And snatch a glimpse of “ Animated Nature ?”

Better it were if, in his best of suits,

The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,

Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Why, zounds ! what raised so Protestant a fuss
 (Omit the zounds ! for which I make apology)
 But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus
 Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their The-
 ology ?

Is Brahma's Bull—a Hindoo god at home—
 A papal Bull to be tied up till Monday—
 Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
 That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?



A Screw loose.

Spirit of Kant ! have we not had enough
To make Religion sad, and sour, and snobbish,
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish !
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
To see the Dandelions on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

NOTE.

THERE is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, " Eh ! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

In a similar spirit, some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull ;—the " breaking into the bloody house of life," or the breaking into a brick-built



Pens' Theology.

sausages and dollars ! A city where the Burgo-master himself must have come to a bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing !

The " Saints " having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question ; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid Legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was " made for man," but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself !



Holding Forth.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, *after* STERNE.

“ He gain’d from Heav’n, ‘twas all he ask’d — a ‘ Friend ! ’ ”
 GRAY’s *Elegy*.

CHAPTER I.

“ A FRIEND in need,” murmurs the Courteous Reader, “ is a friend indeed.”

“ There’s no such person,” shouts Need himself, in a threadbare black coat, with white metal buttons. “ If there were, he would accept this bill for me — only fifty pounds — at six months, — and sure to be renewed ! ”

“ The only Friend in Need that I have met with,” observes Viator, “ is a green one, and runs from Paddington to the Bank.”

“ Need or no need,” cries Honoria, the spinster yonder, with the flesh-coloured ribands and cherry-coloured face, “ a true friend is a non-entity ! Friendship, indeed ! It’s a mere form

of speech—a word invented to figure in poetry with a capital F!"



"To be sure," chimes in Ignoramus, "a Friend and a Phœnix both begin with the same letter; and one is as great a *raris avus* as the other."

"There might be such fellows amongst the Greeks and Romans," says Minor, "but the breed is lost. Why your own Pal,—hand and glove with you in the ring—leg and stocking on the turf,—will sell you any day for a pony!"

"Yes—I had a Friend once, as he called himself," grumbles a seventh malcontent. "And so had I—and I—and I—and I—I, I, I, I, I,"—chorus a thousand voices, male and female, base and treble, sound and cracked.

My dear creatures!—dear deluded, deceived, betrayed, bubbled, forgotten, slighted, cast-off, dropped, shirked, cut, and ill-used fellow-creatures—give me leave. I agree to all you have said—to all you are going to say—about false friends. Heaven knows that too many of such counterfeits are abroad—that unprincipled imitations are daily palmed off on the unwary. They are as common, my dear madam, as false hair, false eyebrows, and false teeth—as current, my good sir, as false whiskers, false oaths, and false dice. I admit that the "Friend of my Soul" is nothing better than an old song (and the author of it deserves to receive the freedom of Coventry in a base metal box, for inviting a friend to only a sip of his goblet). I allow that even a long-standing friend is too apt to get weary of that position. I admit that half of the world's private friends are rank impostors, and all its public ones. The Friend to Truth, the Friend to Justice, and the Friend to the Constitution, in the political journals;—the Friend to

the Brute Creation, and the Friend to Fair Play, in the sporting ones;—the Friend to Art, and the Friend to Impartiality, in the critical ones;—take them all, and welcome, and the *Amis du Peuple* into the bargain. But a stand must be made somewhere for the second best (some think best) of our social ties.

Shade of Achates! Ghosts of Pylades and Orestes! Shall we moderns renounce the ancient bond between man and man, because “Yours very truly” cools occasionally into a “Very humble servant?” Shall we reject all advances, and discredit all assurances from Amicus, because Coleridge gave up his “Friend?” Shall we decline all grasping and shaking of hands, because the act is sometimes followed by blows on the organs of vision and smelling, by hits in the wind, cross-buttocks, and punches in the epigastrium? Is Alcander, forsooth, but a name, for not signing it to an accommodation-bill; or my Friend with the Pitcher only a poetical image, because he will not take long odds against a dead horse? Must dear Tom of the brown jug be hard or hollow at the core, because Philip’s heart, on grating, was a wooden nutmeg? Or is Sextus a false friend, because Septimus cut Octavius, one cutting day, when

he was too cold to speak, and too stiff to nod? Must the whole friendly Brotherhood be thus tarred and feathered, because Eugenius was once pigeoned?

Are all female attachments mere fables, because Honoria's "other self" chose to marry a drysalter, and to have eleven girls and three boys? Is Albina no true friend to Brunilda, because she will not be gown'd from the same piece of geranium-coloured silk,—the first being a blonde, and the last a Nut-Brown Maid? Must the whole friendly sisterhood be thus branded, because Maria Della Crusca was fobbed off with a German metal keepsake instead of a silver one?

Shame on such wholesale indictments! Fie on such sweeping condemnations! They are moral massacres—Fusillades, and Noyades!

Look with a right spirit, at the right time, and in the right place, and Friends are plenty, swarming like the brown shrimps on the Belgian sands. Methinks, I see one now, in my mind's eye, a true, a good, a great—nay, a big Friend—like Damon and Pythias rolled into one! And is that substantial figure, sixteen stone of heart and heartiness, a mere figure of speech? Is that comely, friendly face, so Saxon in its

roundness, but florid enough for Gothic—only a word, with a capital F ! And *he* is only a sample. There are dozens extant of such fat Friends—and hundreds—thousands—of more slender ones ! Friends through thick and thin—Friends, like the tar, for all weathers, cloud or shine, rich or poor, well or sick—Friends that you may cut, and they will still be Friends—in a word, Friends unto death !

“ But where are they ? ” inquires the Courteous Reader. And the famous Arabian Echo cries “ Where ? ” in as good English as if it had never answered advertisements in any other language.

Where ! — Only go down Bishopsgate at Whitsuntide, or through Tottenham at any tide—

Pshaw ! Poo ! — Pish ! — What, Quakers ?

Yes — Quakers. The Society of Friends. That great Firm of them, with thousands of partners, active and passive, sleeping and wide-awake,—dealers in friendship, wholesale, retail, and for exportation,—for it keeps its virtue in any climate—in Africa, where the dirt-eating Negro is done black ; and in Asia, where the opium-chewing Chinese is done brown ; in the close fixed air of Newgate, or in the free wind that whistles for want of thought round a Bo-

hemian tent. Friends to the friendless, to the nouseless, to the graceless, wherever there is a philanthropic action to be performed, there is the Quaker foremost to do good —

“ Hollo, Master,— come — belay that! In the action with the Fill-and-drop-it, as you call her, the carronades played blood and blazes with the Mounseers, and sent nine-and-forty on 'em, in no time, to Old Nick: but I'm blest if the Quakers did any good at all ! ”

CHAPTER II.

THAT rum-sodden Trinculo! — Verily, the marine zoology already possessed a sea-urchin, a sea-cow, a sea-bear, a sea-dog, a sea-horse, and now there is a sea-ass !

To confound Friend M. or N. an active Benefactor to the human race, with — a wooden cannon !

And yet, after all, Sir Thomas Overbury's “ pitcht Peece of Reason calkt and tackled ” was not so unreasonable. For, seeing how the Rewards of Merit in this world are distributed — how this Great Gun is loaded with honours, and how splendidly that other one is mounted, even a shoregoing philosopher might fancy, with Jack

Junk, that the greatest good to the species is done by the carronades!

CHAPTER III.

Now Jasper Duffle was a Friend, and moreover, a Friend in Need, for he was in need of a doctor. The disease—some sort of fever: for, in one hour from his seizure, he was like a Dutch plaice—all drab and red spots. Accordingly—but stop, some gentleman cries “Walker!”

’T is the Courteous Reader!

Now, by ferret-eyed Nemesis! if the subject were not a Quaker, and myself—as an Author always ought to be—completely identified with my subject, I would steel-penetrate the offender with the weapon next at hand! But no, no, no. My nature is subdued to what it works in—a vat of Barclay’s entire. Not the brewing Barclay, but the Apologising. And kick me, and I will apologise, too, for my kerseymeres are no longer black, but of a weak teetotal green. Nay, tweak me by the Roman feature, and fear not. I am no longer one of those who wear a nose like the knob of a surgeon’s night-bell, and must rouse up whenever it is pulled.

Twelve Courteous Readers, were they all householders of Middlesex, and all in a jury-box, and all sworn to do it, could not try my temper. There is nothing spicy in it—no more pepper than in Bereddin Hassan's cream-tarts. If I ever had any spirit, it has taken the long pledge not to shew itself again. Anger! You might as well hope to obtain a spark from a non-electrical eel! Retaliation! You may as soon expect it from the slate-coloured thing that the charity-boy spits upon and then cuffs. Pride, envy, malice, hatred—the very blackest of my passions, are turned of a mouse-colour, like the black horse that is clipped.

Ever since I have been writing in this brown study I have been taking on Quakerism—silently and insensibly, as the swine take on fat. My whole nature is changed—the acids have become saccharine—the hard fibre more soft—the rough, sleek—whilst the milk of human kindness has thickened into a rich cream. I am no longer Mister, or Esquire, but plain Friend—a friend to every body in the world, including myself. Henceforth I have done with all mundane and carnal vanities, and redundant discourse, and profane expletives. My garments

shall be olive—my beaver, brown, with a broad brim, and like unto the hat of Gulliver, which required a team of six horses to draw it off. I will say *thee* and *thou* to Kings, and Pluralists, and Editors—and *yea* and *nay* to Magistrates and to Judges. As to the act of violence, the more I am called out, the more I will stay in—and before I will pay one copper farthing to the Queen's rates, I'll be d—d !

Friend ! thee hast sworn !

Not a bit of it, fair Rachel. The word is—*distrained*.

CHAPTER IV.

To return to Jasper Duffle and his fever—

“All gammon !” exclaims a medical student from Lant Street—a disciple of Æsculapius in a pilot-coat, and with a head not unlike Galen's over the apothecary's door—only brazen, not gilt.

“All gammon and humbug—won't pass the œsophagus ! What ! a Quaker have a fever ? I wish you may get it ! It ain't on the cards. Ask Guy—ask St. Thomas—ask St. Bartholomew—ask Bob Smith. A palsy if you like, or an ague, or dropsy, or atrophy, or lethargy, or

consumption, provided it don't gallop—any thing chronic; but as for a fever, or any thing red-spotted, they can't come it. There is no such case in the 'Lancet,' nor in all the curiosities of Dr. Millingen's 'Medical Experience.' You won't find a Quaker of any kind in Bright—and it's long odds agin Aristotle. The same agin Celsus, and Mithridates, and Æsculapius, and Hippocrates; but no—he was a horse-doctor. It's all my eye! What's a fever to hang on by? They've no nervous irritability—no peccant humours—no nothing to ferment with—all cold and phlegmatic. You might as soon expect inflammatory action from a fire-engine, or spontaneous combustion in a salt cod, or a flare-up from a temperance snap-dragon, made with raisins and water. It's no go, old fellow! Lushing might do it, but they don't drink, and they won't fight—always train off. They can't breed any thing malignant, it ain't in their system, and if you were to give it 'em, they'd take all the spite out of it, as a cow does the small-pox, till it's as mild as my Havanna. Why, a Quaker's pulse never goes above thirty in a minute, best pace, I've timed lots of 'em; and besides, they've no red blood, like our claret, it's all buffy coat, and you can't get it up to fever heat—no, not if you boiled it!"

“Indeed! Now, if this were correct, what an organisation to sound and auscultate, about the region of the heart, with a moral stethoscope!”

“Moral! morals be hanged—all twaddle. I’ve sounded a Quaker, my boy, with the real instrument—a capital tool, made by Weiss himself—and there’s hardly more noise than in a stiff ‘un. Only a gentle hum, like a top going to sleep, no *râle*, no *bruit de sifflet*, no *bruit de diable*—catch a Quaker rattling, or whistling, or making a devil of a noise! By the bye, I recollect a case, it is in Boerhaave’s *Dogmas*, or Reed’s, or Murray’s, or Bill Gibbons’s—blister me if I know which—of a Broadbrim with the hydrophobia. Bit in nine places, and wouldn’t have one of them cauterised or cut out, and yet never ran mad!”

“No, sir?”

“No, sir. Walked it, and never gave tongue. Only bit one little child, and that was a baby in arms, and then not through the skin. Shook his head at water, but lapped loo'-warm milk, went home, got into bed of his own accord to be smothered, and died like a lamb. So you see what likelihood there is of a fever. Not the ghost of a chance! Ask the patentee of James’s Powders. Why, the Quakers never have the

morbus—won't turn blue. If you think I'm cramming you, go to Doctor Bumpus, or Doctor Arne, or Doctor Billing, or Doctor Lushington, or Doctor Swift, or Doctor Faustus, any of 'em will back me up. Ask Bell, if he's Handy, or go to the surgeons, Seddon, or Cubitt, or Carpenter, any of our top-sawyers. Or have a spell at the medical books; there's Phillips on Febriles, Perceval on Typhus, Macculloch on Marsh, Pym on the Bulam, Coutts on the Remittent, Dickinson on the Yellow; try all the fevers, and if you find a Quaker in any one of 'em I'll be pounded, and find my own pestle and mortar."

All of which, Mr. What-ye-call, may sound very logical to you, who study the pathological, and nosological, and physiological, and necrological. But it is true, nevertheless, that friend Duffle had a fever,—and what is more, not a slow fever, but a fast one,—and what is still more, it was scarlet—as fast and scarlet as the old Royal Mails.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD put down my pen at "Royal Mails," in order to frame some extra-strong asseveration,

when Prudence plucked me by the sleeve, and advised me, before pledging my honour, to be certain that I could identify Truth in a mob. Thou hast been mistaken in her, said Prudence, a score of times. The naked Truth — was Lady Godiva on a Coventry token. The plain Truth — was Mrs. Conrady. And as for thy seeing Veritas in Puteo, didn't the old brick-layer go down to the very bottom of the well, where he was found lying till he was black in the face?

Then again, the other day, the Marquis of Fitz-Adam, in spite of his high office, and his vast wealth, and his nobility, and his ancient name, was publicly called a “fool!” That, at least, saidst thou, was the voice of Truth — honest, manly Truth. But the lie in thy throat! — 'Twas a parrot talking Pollytics to herself.

Truth, continued Prudence, the terrestrial truth, at least, is as subject to modification as our mortal selves; — for instance,

GEOGRAPHICALLY
AND
CHRONOLOGICALLY.

And first of the first. There is the Great American Sea Serpent, which, at New York, is

a Truth as real and as long as the cable that the Great Western hangs by at her hawse-hole. But embark it for London. In three days, with a fair wind, thou couldst not sound with it twenty fathoms; in six days, scarcely the deep nine; in nine days, hardly the mark seven; in twelve, barely a quarter less five; and off Greenwich, the snake would have no longitude at all.

Then, again, there is the monstrous Kraken, which, for all its multitudinous arms, has no hold of Belief, so long as belief lies rolling in the Humber. But what is a Lie in the Firths becomes a Truth in the Fiords. With every degree north, the Fiction acquires consistency—the colder, the plainer; till, with the mercury somewhere about zero, the abstract becomes concrete, and you may see the Gigantic Polypus as distinctly as did Bishop Pontoppidan. Wherein the Kraken resembles the Miraculous Water described by Father Johannes Frigidarius, and which was so ineffably pure and transparent as to be invisible till it froze.

And of the said Aqua Mirabilis, there is to this day a phialfull in the secret drawer of a private cabinet, in a certain chamber of a certain building at Cologne; where you may see the phial, any time, for a fee of three rix-dollars,

and convince yourself, with your own eyes, that it looks, as it ought to do in only fifty degrees north, like a mere empty bottle.

And the Mermaid ?

I would not have thee, said Prudence, believe in more than one-half of it at a time. But credit whichever moiety may please thee most. There is certainly such a thing in nature as a woman's head, and also a fish's tail ; the falsity arises from *putting this and that together*, and which, by the way, gives birth to nine-tenths of the mischievous scandalous fables that, like the ominous Syren, produce tempests and dirty weather in society. But, to my secondly — how Truth is affected Chronologically.

Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities he has exploded, like Rupert's Drops, by a blow upon their tales ; but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous Bouncers into what the French call accomplished facts. Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even Credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones. The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as

a mere “Allegory on the banks of the Nile” is now the Iguanodon! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true!

Suppose it a fine morning, *Anno Domini* 2000, and the Royal Geologists—with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, Trappists, greywachers, Carbonari, feld-sparers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well, to work they go, hammer and tongs, mallets and threeman beetles, banging, picking, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith’s bellows, hot as his forge, dusty as millers, muddy as eels, what with sandstone, and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog earth; now unsextonising a petrified bachelor’s-button, now a stone tom-tit, now a marble gooseberry-bush, now a hap’orth of Barcelona nuts geologised into two-penn’orth of marbles, now a couple of Kentish cherries—all stone—turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red-herring, with a hard roe of flint. But those are geological bagatelles. They want the organic remains of one of Og’s bulls, or Gog’s hogs (that’s the Mastodon), or Magog’s pet lizard (that’s the Iguanodon), or Polyphemus’s elephant (that’s

the Megatherium). So in they go again, with a crash like that of Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo ! another and a greater Bony Part to exhume ! "Huzza !" shouts Feldsparer, who will spar with any one, and give him a stone. "Hold on," cries one ; "Let go," shouts another ; "Here he comes," says a third ; "No he don't," says a fourth. Where's his head ?—where's his mouth ?—here's his caudal !

What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious ! There — there now, easy does it ! Just hoist a bit — a little, a little more. Zounds ! pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable.— Never you fear, zur ; if he be friable I'll eat 'un.

Bravo ! there's his cranium. Is that brain, I wonder, or mud ? Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop. Somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort ! there's his scapula. Now then dig, boys ; dig into his ribs. Work away, lads — you shall have oceans of strong beer and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail !

Huzza ! there's his femur ! I wish I could shout from here to London ! There's his tarsus ! Work away, my good fellows, never give up ; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the

first—the first—the first Lord-knows-what that has been discovered in the world !

Here, lend me a spade and I'll help ! So,— I'll tell you what, we're all Columbuses, every man-jack of us ; but—I—can't dig. It breaks my back. Never mind ; there he is, and his tail with a broad arrow at the end ! What terrible spines on his back ! what claws ! It's a *Hytæosaurus* !—but no—that scapula's a wing —by Saint George, it's a Dragon !

“ Huzza !” shouts Boniface, who has the mon-ster on his own sign.

“ Huzza !” echoes every Knight of the Garter.

“ Huzza !” cries each schoolboy who has read the “ Seven Champions.”

“ Huzza !” roars the illustrator of Schiller's “ *Kampf mit dem Drachen* !”

“ Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !” chorus the descend-ants of Moor of Moor Hall.

“ The legends are true, then ?”

“ Not a bit of it,” says a stony-hearted Pro-fessor of Fossil Osteology. “ Look at the teeth —all molar. That Dragon ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys. He lived on —”

“ What ? — what ? — what the deuce what ?”

“ Why, on undressed salads.”

CHAPTER VI.

THOU seest, then, said Prudence, how dangerous it is to vouch for either the truth or the falsehood of a thing—even a romance of one's own making—whilst Time and Space are extant. Most stories have some foundation (or who would live, thought I, in first-floors?), but the plainest matters of fact may be transmuted into the most absurd and improbable fictions. Who knows, then, what thy Friend in Need might become in some foreign translation, or a future edition with additions? As thus:—

In England, ever since it was England, it has been the custom on the Feast of St. Michael to dine upon roast goose—green, or stubble, or the tame sort if possible, but at any rate goose. With the tailors, the rite is absolutely sacramental; a duty wherein the pleasure of commission exalts the sin of omission to a pitch of moral turpitude, that a tailor cannot contemplate without his knees knocking together. It is considered in that trade as equivalent to a fraudulent failure. Imagine, then, the horror of Schneiderius, a petty member of the fraternity, when, on the Vigil of the Saint, he found himself without the means for purchasing even giblets! His last shilling had gone to buy

and onions for the stuffing, and apples for the sauce ; but, alas for the bird ! a customer had failed at the eleventh hour in settling his little bill. Schneiderius was in despair—all the colours in his pattern-book seemed darkening into black. He could not borrow, for only one person would lend, who asked for security. His irons were already pledged—his watch was in pawn. To be sure, he might—no, he could not—spare the dripping-pan, or the dish, or the two plates (for he was married), or the two black-handled knives, the green-handled fork, or the one iron spoon. In this dilemma, happening to raise his hand to his head, as all men do in any perplexity, he knocked off his glasses, which had been his grandfather's, and were solidly mounted with silver rims. A blessed accident ! for it made Schneiderius a happy man. The object was obtained ; it was chosen, haggled for, bought, picked, trussed, stuffed, basted, roasted, dished, carved, eaten, and digested.

The next day Schneiderius told Hans, in confidence, that "*his spectacles had furnished his Michaelmas Day's dinner !*"

Hans enclosed the story, *verbatim*, to Kohlkopf of Dusseldorf, who told Nadel, who told Faden, who told Knopf, who told De Lobel the

Fleming, who told it in print to Izaak Walton, and he told his disciples that—*Barnacles produce Geese!*

CHAPTER VII.

IN the evening Jasper Duffle was delirious. The heat of the fever had melted his brains like butter, and they began to run.

Such, at least, is De Beurre's theory of Mental Deliquescence; but other matters must have melted besides the Quaker's brains—for example, his taciturnity. To hear how he talked! It was not a flow of language, but a flood of it, like the rush of the Rhenish waters after a sudden thaw. Verbs, adverbs, substantives, adjectives, nouns, pronouns, prepositions, interjections—all the parts of speech came mobbing out of his mouth, like the boys at noon from the grammar-school door. It was as if, after a long minority, he had come into his mother-tongue, and was spending,—nay chucking it away as fast he could!

Then, too, the subjects of his discourse! for his mind having a mind to wander, his thoughts rambled exactly as a boy does when he rambles without leave.

Now, when a young micher plays truant, it

is not for a lounge about the homestead, but to roam in forbidden paths, or to visit places that are tabooed, the poacher's hut or the gipsy's tent. At "one bound he overleaps all bounds," and, like a dog that means to range, takes care to get beyond a whistle. The Rubicon once passed, away he goes, deaf to every thing but the Wandering Voice from the forest. Cuckoo ! Away he goes, up the fallow, across the wet meadow, along the green lane. Whurr flies the partridge,—up jumps puss,—and the startled blackbird gives a whistle as if his bill chattered with fright. Cuckoo ! A fig for the passive voice ! Could a verb active leap that ditch ? On he scampers, splash through the brook, crash through the spinney, slap-dash through the hedge, —the stile is too easy. What sweet snatches and catches of music, as the brambles rasp across his fluted corderoys ! Hollo ! there's ^{*}a weazel ! Away bolts a rabbit ! Screech ! cries the jay — it's J for Joy, not Jography — and yonder is a magpie, all in black and white, like a child's undertaker. But what boy ever thinks of death ? Why he forgets it even while pelting the frogs. But hush ! a bird's-nest, with five eggs in it. Now, then, for an *omelette soufflée* ; and could Ude make a better one with the same means ?

There, the shells are threaded on the boy's rosary, and he makes for the river. What a prime place for fishing ! what a shoal of tittle-bats ! Plump ! that's a water-rat, and crikey, how nearly he is stoned ! But hark !—cuckoo ! —the voice comes from some private plantation. And now the truant's learning stands him in some stead, for it enables him to read the notice on the board—“TRESPASSERS BEWARE !” That's irresistible—so in he goes !

The ramblings of Friend Jasper in his delirium were after the same fashion. His mind wandered into all sorts of forbidden places, and none the less that it had escaped from a very strict school. The first trespass, however, was determined by accident ; for the Cambridge coach happening to pass through Tottenham, with the guard playing on his keyed bugle, the delirious Fancy instantly caught up an imaginary instrument of the same kind, and in a twinkling the sick Quaker was trumpeting away, not very musically indeed, but quite as much in time and tune as could be expected from one who had never taken lessons on even the Jew's Harp.

“ Now, a plague take you ! ” cries the Courteous Reader: “ do you call it a delirium to trump with your lips in imitation of a French Horn ? ”

“Delirious, indeed!” says Miss Strummell, at her grand piano. “Why, if the man had only just acquired a taste for music—dear, delightful music! it was more like coming into his senses than going out of them!”

To which I only reply in the words of a celebrated Friend, on another occasion, “*Thereafter as may be.*”

And, in the meantime, pray take so much trouble for me, good Eugenius, as to repair into the Kitchen-Garden,—the bed to the left hand, where the cabbages grow,—and pick me a cigar. For, look you, every living animal smokes nowadays, down to the puppies.



Enough to sicken a dog.

CHAPTER VIII.

“DON’T tell me,” said Jasper, sitting upright in bed, and looking at one of the mahogany bed-posts, as if it had been one of the Primitive Founders of the Sect,—“don’t tell me of the vanity of crotchetts, and the abomination of quavers! If a Man was not meant to be musical, why had he drums in his ears? why a pipe in his throat? Why, I say, if I was not intended for a singing creature, and to warble like a lark, or a cock nightingale, why was I gifted with any notes beyond G, A, B? which would have sufficed for all talkative purposes, from the prices of indigo, even unto the fluctuations in corn?”

“Jasper Duffle, thee art beside thyself,” said a feminine voice behind the bed-curtain.

“Had I this harmonious voice,” continued Jasper (and he chanted a bar or two of some undiscovered tune), “with a natural shake in it (here he quaked a little on B flat), and a range as it were from the cockloft to the kitchen (here he sounded some octaves), now as soft and low as a purling brook (this example was inaudible), and now loud enough to fill the rotunda at the Bank (a *sostenuto* in C), was I endowed with this musical, comprehensive, flexible, powerful

organ, only to say Yea and Nay with, and then hold my peace!"

"I wish thee would!" said the Voice.

"O Catalani!" continued the delirious Quaker, "O divine Catalani! for I heard thee once upon a time, when I was disguised in a blue coat and black nether garments—O ravishing Catalani! hadst thee that wonderful astounding wind instrument only to scream withal at a mouse or a Naples spider? Nay, if Nature had not meant thee and thy fair countrywomen for her own singing-birds, would she not have clapped the Swiss goitres on the Italian throats?"

The Voice behind the curtain gave a groan.

"There again," said the bewildered Jasper,— "there is the instrumental! If man was not meant to flute, and to harp, and to fiddle, why were strings made to twang, and metals to ring, and the wind to whistle through a hole? Why were earth, and air, and water, made conductors of sounds, if Nature did not intend to give concerts? Why, Nature was an accomplice before the fact. Don't talk to me of scrapping the entrails of cats with the tails of horses, but tell Paganini to bring his fiddle,—or stop, I'll do it myself;" and, suiting the action to the word, to work he went, elbow and wrist, as if he had

been sawing and filing for dear life at bars of iron instead of bars of music, and withal making more grimaces than Le Brun's Passions, or Lavater's Physiognomy, for there is no such face-maker through a horse's collar as a fiddler at his chromatics. Nor would fiddling serve him, for by and by, inflating his cheeks like Boreas, he came in crash ! with a trumpet, and then with a trombone, and then with a bassoon, and then with a flute, and then with postboys' whips, and tavern-bells, and great guns, and musketry, for the sounds which enraged Hogarth's Musician now compose a composer. No wonder that after such a scena he fell back quite exhausted on his pillow.

“Now,” said he, “I’ll compose.”

“Thee had better,” said the veiled Voice.

“I’ll compose an Oratorio,” said Jasper, again sitting up in his bed. “I have all the singing for it in my head, and only want a worthy subject. Let me see. Yea, verily, I have it ! Penn’s Treaty with the Indians ! And now, friend West, my picture against thine, for a thousand pounds !”

“I wish the man Brumby would come,” murmured the Voice.

“Hark !” said Jasper, nodding with his head,

as if listening to music, and beating time with his right arm. "That harmonious prelude represents the Smoke of the Pipe of Peace. Yonder come the Indians. Those ornamental appoggiaturas are the feathers in the savage men's heads, and that roll of the double drum is their squatting down on their hams. Now thee shalt hear their taciturnity."

"Jasper Duffle!" said the Voice, "thee cannot work miracles."

"Silence!" cried Jasper, "I am playing Friend William Penn. That slide from A to G is the length of his outer man, and the other slide from C to F is the breadth. That affectuoso movement expresses his benevolent smile, and the little twiddling notes are his two thumbs. The long sostenuto on B means that he keeps on his beaver. Now then for the solo on the bassoon,—that's the reading of the Treaty, all properly engrossed on vellum,—and there's a flourish of trumpets for the red wax. The pastorale describes the beauty of the ceded country. The low notes are the valleys, the high notes are hills, and those very high notes are the blue sky."

"Thee cannot fiddle blue," muttered the Voice.

“Bravo! I have almost finished,” said Jasper, who was getting out of breath. “There! that grand crash of all the instruments is the amicable execution of the treaty, and the long cadenza, which seems twenty times to have come to an end, but always begins again, is the Genius of Christian civilisation presiding over Pennsylvania to the end of time!”

“Pshaw! it’s a quiz,” says the Courteous Reader.

“What! compose an Historical Picture,” cries a Royal Academician, “in crotchetts and quavers? *Chiaro oscuro!* effect! Figures, and colours, red, blue, green, yellow.”

“To be sure; why else had Sir Joshua Reynolds an ear-trumpet but to hear what colour he painted?”

“Nay, but,—fiddle yellow?”

Exactly so; and varnish and frame the picture into the bargain. Fiddle yellow! Why the most fiddling little fiddler that ever fiddled, will fiddle you “a Landscape and Cattle, with a Rainbow in the corner,” on one string; and what is more, he will tell you that if you have any music in you at all, you will hear the light falling on the Cream-coloured Cow!

CHAPTER IX.

“ *AND pray, sare, do you not know,*” squeaks a little swarthy gentleman, just bolted, like Sir Jeffery Hudson, from a fiddle-case, — “ *do you not know dat de great Haydn in his ‘Creation’ have made music of de light falling on every ting in de world?*”

“ Yes: as audibly as the ‘Light up! light up!’ at a General Illumination. As if, forsooth, the Instantaneous Radiance burst forth with a crash and a splutter, like the flame of a lucifer match! As if the magnificent Phenomenon, described by the sublime passage in Genesis, could be represented by a sort of Instrumental Flare-up!”

“ Flare-up! — *Donner und blitzen!* — and do you mean to say, sare, dat dare is no such ting as de picture-music?”

“ Quite the reverse. There is the overture to ‘Der Freyschütz.’ It is Music telling us of a Bad Dream she had after ‘supping full of horrors,’ on the Brocken: Her wild unearthly tones, descriptive of fiendish howlings, and laughter, and mockery, produce, in the mind’s eye, a parallel Vision of infernal Phantoms engaged in the Mystery of Iniquity. You re-

cognise the Night Mare and her neighings. But when some Fanatico, with his hollow drum before him, and his fiddle behind him, comes forward vapouring, and pretends, like Flute, the Bellows-mender, to 'see a voice,' and 'hear his Thisby's face,' when he professes to detect, in any crochety combination whatever, the sound of the sun shining, or the noise of the grass growing, and such like musical and moral impossibilities; when he would persuade me that by the miraculous magic of music,—with a mere *hey-diddle-diddle*, a cat and a fiddle—a cow can jump over the moon——"

"Dat dam Cow again!"

"Then I say that she cannot—and all the Semiquavering Friars in Rabelais shall not quaver me into any other opinion."

"Potztausend!"

"Fair play, Mein Herr, is a jewel, the diamond that does not cut diamond, and all I want is fair play for the whole Family of Art. Her divine Daughters are each of them worthy of a man's love for life. But when Cecilia gives herself more than her legitimate airs—snatches the Brush from one Sister, and the Pen from the other, and sets herself up as First Fiddle in Painting and Poetry, as well as in Music; when

she calls herself the All-Accomplished, and All-Eloquent, and so forth, it is time to tell her that her Universal Language would not serve her in Dordrecht to ask for a Dutch cheese ; and that with all her playing, and she plays morning, noon, and night, she cannot play me a 'Pictorial Shakspeare.' "

" Ah ! you have no musical entoosiasm ! you do not know what it is ! "

" Excuse me ; but I do. Musical Enthusiasm is like Turtle Soup. For every quart of Real there are ninety-nine gallons of Mock, and calves' heads in proportion ! "

* * * * *

Bless me ! what a shriek ! — I did not know that Prudence had such a note in her compass ! It must have waked up all the little Campbells at Lochow !

" You have done it now," says Prudence, with a natural shake in her voice that would make Fear's fortune, if she were not too great a fright for the Opera — " You have done it with a vengeance ! To talk disrespectfully of Music, with a street band playing under the very window ! Yes — there they come — Big Drum, Serpent, Trombone, Bassoon, Clarionet, and Triangle — and, mercy on me ! more — more ! more ! and

still more, swarming down 'all sorts of streets,' and Il Fanatico himself amongst the foremost, and flourishing a great drumstick over his head like a Donnybrook shillelagh ! What awful faces they turn up, with their eyes flashing like theatrical rosin ! What a frightful hubbub ! They are scolding and cursing you in English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh ; in French, Spanish, and Italian ; in High and Low Dutch, and Dog Latin. What will you,—what can you say to them ? They are abusing you in every living language ! ”

“ Why then, my dear Prudence, I must e'en say to them what the Master-Builder of Babel said to his polyglott workmen.”

“ And what was that ? ”

“ Hold your *Confounded Tongues* ! ”

CHAPTER X.

Apropos —

There is no music in “ Robinson Crusoe.” Not a semitone. Perhaps the Solitary reflected that there was nobody to listen to his performance ; a consideration, my dear Miss Strummel, which would put a stop to half the musicals that are musicked in this musicky metropolis. However,

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

amongst all his contrivances for cheering solitude, or employing his leisure, the S^t Hermit never wishes for, or attempts a tune. He scoops a canoe, makes chairs, tables, pans, pipkins, baskets, a lamp, an umbrella, and a tobacco-pipe, and yet never tries his hand at a violin. Not even at Pan's pipes, or an oaten fife.

“ No music, sir ? ”

“ No, Miss, not a Jew's Harp.”

“ Then, as sure as you are there, sir,” cries Miss Strummel, “ that's why Queen Anne ordered the author to be put in the pillory, and to lose his ears ! ”

CHAPTER XI.

“ Now then I will paint,” said the delirious Quaker, still sitting up in bed, but inclining his head to the right shoulder ; whereas in fiddling it had leaned towards the left. An observation of some phrenological importance, as shewing that Painting and Music preponderate on opposite sides of the cranium.

“ Don't tell me,” said Jasper, again addressing the mahogany bed-post, “ of the sinfulness and vanity of gay colours. If the old Adam was intended to wear drab garments, why was

the Primitive Man supplied with seven Primitive Colours, being one for every day in the week ? Verily, drab is plain, and slate is neat, and olive is sad, and chocolate is sober, and puce is grave, and white is pure, and pepper-and-salt is seasonable—why then was the refractory light allowed to refract blue, red, green, and yellow, except that the World might be Beautiful as well as Good ? Why else did Nature paint and enamel the universe with all the bright and gay colours,—aye, and fast colours to boot, or else they would all have been washed out at the Great Flood ! Nay, why was the Arch of Promise itself composed of all those prismatical tints, instead of a plain stone-colour like the arch of a bridge ? If the rainbow hues were vanities, would the dying dolphin be decked out in them in his last moments ? Or, if they were sinful, would Nature lavish them, as she doth, on birds, beasts, flowers, and fishes ; sometimes many colours at once, like the peacock ; or changeable, like the chameleon ; or successive, like the blackberries, which are first green, and then red, and then purple ? Surely there be objects for ornament, as well as things for use ; or wherefore the gay birds and butterflies—nay, why the crested humming-birds, which seem to have butterflies growing out of

their heads? Why the precious stones, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, garnets, and the brilliant diamond, which flashes with all their tints at once! Then again there is Woman, lovely Woman, with her bewitching blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks, and red lips, and her yellow hair——”

“That is Hester Primrose,” muttered the Voice behind the curtain.

“Why had she those blue eyes, like plums with the bloom on, instead of gooseberries—and those cheeks like red-streak apples, instead of russettings; and those lips like ripe cherries, instead of olives; and that hair like golden thread, instead of flaxen string? And why doth she not blush of a puce-colour, or a lead-colour, instead of that lively crimson? Why, I say, hath Nature painted all these beautiful objects and lovely creatures in such fair tints, but for the delight of the Sense of Vision? Why else had I these bow-windows in my head?”

“Thee had better shut them,” said the Voice.

“Why were these two eyes ever furnished with optical nerves to transmit the prismatical tints to the inner man? Or why was not the crystalline lens suffused with some grave humour or fluid, to shew me the whole creation as

through a glass that is smoked ? But nay, nay, nay. The glorious Sun was ordained to dispense light and gay colours—and which I must see even against my own will ; for the more I shut my eyes and thrust my face into the pillow, the more the motley tinges seethe and bubble up in the darkness, like a rainbow being boiled into a diet-drink for a blind man. But why do I name the Sun ? If thee had thy way " (here he shook his head at the bed-post), " thee would put the Sun, as the West-End woman puts her Glass Lustre of Gaiety, in a brown-holland bag !

" As for Painting," continued Jasper, vigorously sweeping at a Fancy Piece with an imaginary brush, " if Painting be a Vanity, why was Rubens endowed from above with the pictorial Genius, or Vandyck with the artistical organ ? Had Claude de Lorraine that wonderful eye for colour, only to distinguish an orange from a lemon ? Had Rembrandt that marvellous knowledge of light and shade merely that he might say, ' Friend, it is a dull day,' or, ' Friend, this is a bright morning ? ' Nay, have I myself such an exquisite sense of the beautiful in form, only that I may know Hester Primrose, behind backs, from her mother ? "

"Thee wilt overtake thyself," said the Voice.

"There is Raphael," said Jasper: "do not his dumb painted faces discourse as eloquently of Love, and Faith, and Piety, by mere looks, as any speechless Elder at our own Meetings? Is not the expressive silence which museth praise embodied in the Angels and uplooking Cherubs of the Painter of Urbino? Yea, is there not a whole hymn of adoration in the figure of an Infant St. John — the religious sentiment expressed in painted hieroglyphics instead of printed words? Then, again, there are the Cartoons. Is not the picture of Ananias as powerful a Warning to the man who saith, 'I will not have some pudding,' and then 'I will have some pudding,' as a written Tract against Lying? And is there not as much profit in the painted Preachment of Paul at Athens, as in the feeble holding forth of Dorcas Fish, which no man heareth, or woman either?"

"Because she is ancient," said the Voice, "and hath lost her gifts."

"And I will paint too," cried the delirious Quaker, flourishing his ideal tool with increased fervour. "So bring me that long-legged thing like a cameleopard; and set thereon a wide canvass like a ship's sail; and give me my maul-

stick, and my brushes, and my palette, with a hole in it for my thumb. Now, then, for my paint-pots, and my oil-cans, for whale and sperm, and my bladders of pigments, and mind that there be plenty of scarlet — ”

“ It is the colour of the Woman of Babylon,” said the Voice.

“ It is a warm colour,” said Jasper ; “ and why not warm colours for the eyes as well as warm woollens for the legs ? So let me have abundance of Vermilion, and Dutch Pink, and Light Green, and Bright Green, and Prussian Blue, and Sky-Blue, and King’s Yellow, and Queen’s Yellow, and Royal Purple. I have promised the Friends to paint only a Scripture Subject, and so it shall be—namely, Joseph and his Brethren ; but never trust me if I don’t squeeze every bladder there is in oil paints into the Coat of Many Colours.”

“ The Artful Dodger !” exclaims the Candid Reader.

“ It is all a mistake,” says a great Periodical Pluralist. “ In our opinion, I think that the work we have just read is to my mind, as it appears to us, a mere absurdity. According to all principles of Art—Christian or Pagan, Catholic or Lutheran, Ancient or Modern, Fine or Plain—

a Quaker laying such a palette is totally out of keeping!"

The Capital Critic! As if a mind off its hinges would act as regularly in its accustomed direction as a well-hung door! Moreover, extremes breed extremes as naturally as dogs beget dogs; and the Quaker, from being over rigidly denied the pigments, was the very man to go the whole hogments. And besides, he fancied that he was painting for the Exhibition.

CHAPTER XII.

"AND do you mean to say, sir," cries a doughty little champion of the Academy, with badger's-hair whiskers, a maul-stick fit for a tilting-spear, and a palette big enough for a buckler,—"do you intend to insinuate that we sacrifice too freely to Iris?"

"I do: that you would sink Sentiment and Expression, give up Drawing, and surrender Design, rather than strike your Colours. Just allow me to step into your painting-room. Aye, there they are—your accomplices before the Fact, a damask drapery, a pot of tulips, a peacock's tail, and a porcelain vase. You only want a stuffed Harlequin for a lay figure! Sacrifice

wine, and a watch, and tell Geziah to saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow."

But stop! — halt! — avast! — woh! — pull up! — Here is the old boggle. The Courteous Reader objects to a Theatrical Quaker; as if the delirious fancy would care any more than a mad bull whether it ran down Long-Acre or into Drury Lane. Aye, but then, to quote Shakespeare, Friend Duffle must either have read play-books, or have visited the theatre. And why not? According to sacred and profane authorities, the most powerful Tempter that ever assailed Human Nature was Curiosity. It was the ruin of Eve and of Pandora, of Blue Beard's wives and of Doctor Faustus. And will any one venture to say that the same Power which drew so many people into the wrong box, could not drag a single Quaker into a box at Covent Garden? That's very true — well, go on.

"I am Richard the Third," shouted Jasper, "and I've lost my horse! And between thee and me, friend (here his tone dropped again), as precious a screw as ever went on three legs."

"*A horse goeth upon four legs,*" said the Voice.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus," spouted Jasper, with an attempt to suit the ac-

tion to the word. "He was swallowing a tailor's news, and there were five moons!"

"*There is only one moon,*" said the Voice, "*and it is in the last quarter.*"

"Put out the light," muttered Jasper, "and then put out the light."

"*There is no light in the chamber.*"

"Alas! poor Ghost!"

"*There be no ghosts.*"

O Truth! Truth! Truth! if ever thou hadst a true Friend in this world, she was sitting in a russet gown and white kerchief behind that curtain! What a pity that the Romancing Traveller, and the Rhodomontading Captain, and the Imaginative Counsel, and the Equivocating Witness, and the Bouncing Tradesman, were not within hearing of the oracle! What a thousand pities that the tall Bully who "lifts his head and lies" was not within earshot of her voice—that conscientious Voice which would not allow even Delirium to wander from the fact!

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR some minutes the Quaker had lain dormant, quite still and silent, when suddenly he

started up with glittering eyes, and began talking in a much louder tone.

"I should like to know," said he, "whether I am an animal or a vegetable?"

"Thee art a rational creature," said the Voice,—"at least when thee art in thy senses."

"Because if I was a vegetable," continued Jasper, "I should be green. But I'm up to a thing or two, and know the time of day. Broad-brims be hanged!" and he plucked off his night-cap and threw it at the bed-post. "If I'll be a Quaker any longer, call me pump, and hang an iron ladle to my nose. No—no, I've too much blood for that—warm, red, boiling hot blood, and muscles as springy as whalebone, and as much spin in me as a top. So, between you and me (here he grew confidential with the bed-post), I've dropped the Society, and cut away down the other road. Ask old Barney—we've had a deal for the brown togs. They never fitted me, never; always cut under the arm, or somewhere, and wouldn't sit easy to human nature. No more larking in 'em than a strait-jacket—I've tried lots o' times, and they always pulled me up before I could over a post. If a Jumper ever jumped in such a dress I will eat him with my cheese. No—no! no more



Cheap Posting.

Quakerism ! It's a slow coach, with the skid on. I'll tell you what,—I'll have a new drag. The roan shall be clipped, and I'll turn Geziah into a tiger. (*A groan from the bedroom door.*) I've been a precious long time in the coop. But my mother shall know I'm out, and no mistake. Here goes for a screech !”

And, making a tunnel for the voice with his hands, he set up a yell like a wild Indian. Then putting his finger into his cheek, he attempted a drover's whistle—then he tried imitations of fox and bullock hunters, sheep-drivers, and hackney-watermen—and then he gave “Sprats !” for two voices, “Mackarel !” with variations, and “Old Clo's !”

“Thee wilt scandalise us all,” said the Voice.

“It's a jolly good lark !” said Jasper, laughing boisterously till he fell backward on his pillow, “fourteen knockers twisted off, and Tottenham Cross done all over in red lead.”

The Voice gave a groan.

“To-night,” said Jasper, “we're to smash the lamps, and let off a maroon at Bruce Castle. That's your sort ! Go it, my coveys !” and lifting up his voice, he chaunted the burden of the slang song, “Nix my dolly, pals, fake away !”

“ That is Latin,” exclaimed the Voice. “ He singeth a Popish hymn.”

“ Latin, indeed ! ” cries an indignant Classical Master ; “ yes, Thieves’ Latin,—and your Quaker utters it as glibly as if he had learned his Accidence in Newgate ! ”

And why not ? Did you never hear, Doctor, of the kitchen-maid, who, in her crazy fits, could talk Greek with Porson, and Hebrew with Hyman Hurwitz ? It is a psychological fact, well known to physicians, that a man or woman in a delirium will prove to be acquainted with matters whereof they were supposed to be as ignorant as our First Parents ; and, moreover, they will discourse of such mysteries in the very language of the adepts. Thus the Master of a Poor-House was found during a frenzy to be a perfect master of French Cookery ; and gave directions, *secundum artem*, for above a score of made dishes. On the same authority, a school-girl discoursed very fluently, throughout a fever, in the jargon of the Judicial Astrologers : whilst an old Lady, of decidedly religious habits, was overheard, when light-headed, to go through the whole performance of Punch and Judy, the dog Toby included.

This was precisely the Quaker’s case. In the

course of his daily business, which led him through bye-streets, lanes, and alleys, to markets, wharfs, and barges, amongst coachmen, carmen, cabmen, watermen, lightermen, cads, porters, jobbers, and vagabonds of all descriptions, it was inevitable that he must hear, willy-nilly, a monstrous variety of profane oaths, as well as a prodigious abundance of vulgar slang—why he should have hoarded up these tropes and figures in his memory, instead of letting them pass by him like the idle wind, is beyond a guess—unless he saved them, as some careful people lay by old button-tops, rags, bones, and similar oddments, under the common notion that they will all come into use some day or other. However, there they were, cant, curses, flash songs, and the points of some practical jokes besides; and the heat and hurry of his brains allowing no time for selection or decent clothing, out they all came, or were pitched, naked and higgledy-piggledy, like the inmates and utensils of a burning house!

In short, he talked like a costermonger, and was so abusive, that you would have thought he carried pebbles in his mouth, like Demosthenes, to accustom it to hard words. The mildest names he used were **** and ****; and, as

to oaths, he swore so many, that if he had been fined for them at the legal rate, the dollars placed edge to edge would have reached from Bow Street to any place you please, that is a five-shilling fare !

“ He is possessed with a Devil ! ” exclaimed the Voice, alias Rachel Duffle ; and jumping up from her chair, as if to fetch an Exorcist, she ran—yes, for the first time in her life she ran down-stairs, and would, perhaps, have jumped the two steps at the bottom, if they had not been occupied at the moment by Jonathan Brumby.

CHAPTER XV.

“ AND who in the world was Jonathan Brumby ? ”

Patience, Miss, patience. I was about to inform you, but now I must give you, instead, a lecture on that prying, meddling, impertinent passion, called Curiosity. But, I beg pardon : it is intended also for your Father, and Brothers, and Uncles, and your male Cousins ; for it is no more a female complaint than the influenza.

Some years ago the modern Babylon was thrown into consternation by the mysterious as-

sassination of a female mendicant, one Judith Trant. It was a time of profound peace. There was no Eastern or Western Question to occupy the public mind, so that the subject had fair play.

“ Shocking and Barbarous Murder !” bawled the Newsmen.

“ Shocking and barbarous, indeed !” cried a million of human echoes. The perpetrator had owned to the act—but why did he do it? Not for love, for Judith was an old woman. Not for money, for she was a beggar. Not for revenge, for there was no quarrel. Not for political ends, for she was nobody. It was a perfect puzzle! The motive-mongers were completely at fault!

Curiosity is like the Crocodile, which never leaves off growing till its death. The Constable who seized the Murderer, the Magistrate who examined him, the Clerk who made out his mittimus, the Jailor who received his body, the Turnkey who locked it up, and the Under-Turnkey, were all dying to know “ Why he did it ? ”

“ He couldn’t tell,” he said. “ It was a sudden impulse—a sort of whisper—Satan put it in his head—he had no reason for doing it,—

in short, the why and wherefore of it were more than he knew himself."

Such an account was, of course, very unsatisfactory to the gossips. Curiosity ran to and fro, with her tongue out like a hound, to pick up the scent.

"Where was he born? Who were his father and mother? Were they lawfully married? Who baptised him? Who nursed him? Had he been vaccinated? Where schooled? Where apprenticed? Did he ever keep rabbits? Did he go to church or chapel? Could he sing or whistle, and what tunes? Could he play on any thing, or was he ever at the theatre? Did he wear his hat on one side? What was his exact height? Was he in the habit of killing old women?"

The Jailor made his prisoner drunk; but the secret did not transpire. The Jailor's wife made toast for the Murderer, and invited herself to tea with him; but she got nothing from him except a lock of his red hair. His fellow-prisoners advised him, in vain, to make a clean breast of it. His Counsel declared the whole truth to be indispensable to his defence. Ministers of all persuasions tried to persuade him to unbosom. Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents,

and Lutherans,—staunch Protestants though they were,—all preached in favour of Auricular Confession. Ladies brought fruit, flowers, cakes, and tracts, to the wretch, and invited his confidence. “Why—why—why did he do it?” But Woman herself could only obtain from him the woman’s reason—he did it, because he did.

Curiosity was ready to burst. Like a crocodile, she had shed tears, and pretended to sympathise with human suffering, in order to gratify her own appetite; but all she caught was a little hair. She could not eat, drink, or sleep, for thinking of it; and in the impatience of her own torments, declared loudly that the Rack, for such obstinate cases, ought never to have been abolished.

In the meantime, the Trial came on. The Court was crammed. The Clerk read the indictment, and the prisoner pleaded. The witnesses proved the crime, but wondered why he did it. The Counsel hunted for a motive. The Jury fished for it. The Judge speculated on it in his charge; and, finally, the Foreman brought in a Verdict of “Guilty!” with a recommendation to mercy, “provided he gave his reason.” The Convict swore that he had none to give: “He had killed the old woman off-hand—it was

a sudden start—the same as a *frisk*—he couldn't account for it—'twas done in a dream, like."

Curiosity was rampant. A *Duchess*, two *Marchionesses*, and as many *Countesses*, honoured the *Murderer* with a visit, and engaged to use their interest with the King, for a *pardon*—on one condition. A noble *Lord* promised to make the *prisoner* a *Superintendant of Police* in exchange for the secret. A patriotic *County Member* declared that the disclosure was due to the country, but pledged his honour to confine the least hint of the matter to his own bosom. A public *Journalist* generously offered the use of his columns for the *Felon's* last words, without charging for them as an advertisement. The *Chaplain* himself could not refrain from wondering, in the *Condemned Sermon*, at a crime committed without malice, without profit, without necessity, without motive.

The wretched *Culprit* sobbed, groaned, wrung his hands, and expressed, by the convulsions of his features, the utmost remorse and contrition.

"Why did ye do it, then?" whispered the *pew-opener*.

"Lord knows," replied the *Culprit*.

Monday came—his last *Monday*. The sun rose brightly—the cold cell grew lighter and

lighter—but Curiosity was as much in the dark as ever. The men who had sat up all night with the Convict declared that he had talked a wonderful deal in his sleep about green fields, and Berkshire, and a game of cricket. And not a word about the old woman? Yes, he said, he had killed her because — (Ah!—yes,—well,—what,—go on, why did he kill her?)—Why, because she didn't get more notches!

Crash! What a blow Curiosity seemed to have received plump in the ear! The hardest cricket-ball ever pitched could not have hit her more severely! Her head rang with it for a week after. However, she was able to follow the doomed man into the Press-Room, where the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs, with their respective friends, the Ordinary, and the Extra-ordinary Clergy, the Reporters, and other official or officious persons, were assembled. The Convict's irons were knocked off.

“If you have any thing to say,” stammered the Senior Sheriff, “now is the time.”

“To cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff,” put in a celebrated Tragedian.

“It is not yet too late,” began the Ordinary.

“Come, let's have it,” said a Penny-a-liner.

“Now then,” muttered the Jailor.

But the Convict shook his head, and repeated the old story.

A Phrenologist, who recollects that "Murder will speak with a most miraculous organ," now felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. Nothing remained, therefore, but to beg for keepsakes; but as the Turnkey, and his Wife, and the Ladies of Quality, and the Peers, and the M.P., and the Editor, and the exhorters of all denominations, had already received a lock of his hair apiece, the last comers were obliged to put up with a few caroty clippings.

[And all the while, there thou wast, poor old Honesty, toiling for a shilling a-day, wet or shine, in the fields, and not one Christian Man or Woman to ask thee for so much as one white hair of thy head !]

— The last comers, I say, had but a few caroty clippings, so closely the Murderer had been cropped. And in this plight he was led forth to the scaffold, in the gaze of ten thousand Sons and Daughters of Curiosity, in the street, at the windows, and on the house-tops. And a wonderful strange sight it was ! For every Son and Daughter of Curiosity had on a pair of Solomon's famous Spectacles; and in each ear one of Dr. Scott's renowned Cornets, which



"The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more."

catch even the ghost of a whisper at a public meeting !

And now the last hope rested on Jack Ketch, who took his opportunity while he adjusted the rope. But, after a whisper, even that Functionary shook his head, and intimated to the company, in two brief syllables, that it was "No go." The Criminal, like the Weary Knife-Grinder, had no tale to tell. So, in despair, the Ordinary at last began to read the Burial-Service ; when, lo ! just as the fatal bolt was about to be drawn, a desperate individual, in a straw hat, a light-blue jacket, striped trousers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashed in before the Clergyman, and, in hurried accents, put the old question.

"Now or never ! Why did you do it ?"

"Why then," said the Convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, "I did it—*to get my hair cut !*"

CHAPTER XVI.

Now when the serving-man Geziah went to fetch the medical man Brumby, he found him in his odoriferous shop, very busily helping his Assistant to make up prescriptions with fidelity

and dispatch. The Apothecary was what is called a Parish Doctor, and a tall, raw-boned woman, some sort of Nurse in the parochial Infirmary, was waiting for the poor people's medicaments.

“Friend Brumby,” said Geziah, “thee must come directly to Jasper Duffle.”

“I will,” said the Doctor. “What is the matter with him?”

“That is for thee to tell,” answered Geziah.

“Is it the epidemic?”

“Peradventure it is,” said Geziah.

“Well, say I am coming.”

“I will say that thee said so,” answered Geziah, and then departed.

“And how is Gaffin?” inquired the Apothecary, addressing himself to the tall, raw-boned female.

“He can't be wus,” said the Woman. “We've tried every thing, solids and slops, and nothing will sit on his stomach. Nothing,” shaking her head, “nothing except the Crowner.”

There must either be a forty-judge power of gravity peculiar to the medical profession, or else such ignorance and absurdity were so common as to have lost all power over the risible muscles—for those of the Apothecary never even quivered. The Assistant seemed equally imperturbable.

“What’s the matter with Nixon?”

“Why, Doctor Barlow says as how he’s got a scurilous liver.”

“Scirrhous, scirrhous,” muttered Brumby, as if to himself, but for the benefit of his associate. “And what about Gosling?”

“Ah, there’s been a terrible to-do about him!” said the Woman. “The other sick paupers objected agin his coming into the Ward. He’s consumptious, you know—and consumption is hereditary if you sleep in the same room.”

“And Bird?”

“He complains a good deal of the indigestibles,” said the Woman. “But that’s along of the bullets. He’s very abusive, but couldn’t swear for the hiccups, and so he swallowed the bullets to prevent the risin’ of his lights. Cobb’s goin’ very fast.”

“Is he rational?”

“All over,” said the Woman, “as thick as it can stick. I never see such a rash afore in my days.”

“And Gunn?”

“That’s the old sailor,” said the Nurse. “Ah! men in his line of life oughtn’t to come into Infirmaries. Nothin’ goes down with ‘em. You may as soon argufy a brute beast into taking physic of his own accord as a sailor. Not he—though

it's life or death with him—and his mouth parched as dry as a stick, and his skin so hot, I thought he would scorch his pattern on the sheets. Howsoever, at long and last, I managed him, for I went with a glass in each hand. ‘Now, Gunn,’ says I, ‘yes or no—here's your coolin'-draff, and here's a glass of rum—both or none.’ ‘Why then it's both,’ says he,—and he continuys every three hours.”

“Humph!—And what about Bradley?”

“Why somebody said as how at his last pint he'd begin to tell fortunes.”

“You allude,” said the Doctor, “to the supposed gift of prophecy *in articulo mortis*.”

“Maybe I do,” said the Woman. “Howsom-ever, we all crowded round his bed to ketch his last words,—and, sure enough, after a long insensible fit, his lips begun to move. ‘Never say die,’ says he, ‘I shall get over all this.’ But before he could prophesy any more, down dropped his poor jaw, and he was as dead as a house.”

“And how's Poulter?” asked the Doctor, taking up another order at sight for nasty stuff.

“His cut thumb is mendin',” said the Woman. “But he's dreadful overloaded—for stomach or no stomach, he forces hisself to eat, mornin', noon, and night, to prevent his jaw lockin'.”

“And What’s-his-name—the man with the Cholera?”

“There’s no hopes of him,” said the Woman,—“none whatever. He’s in the state of collops.”

“In what?” exclaimed the Assistant.

“Collapse—collapse,” whispered the Doctor, who, having compounded his share of the prescriptions, hastily put on his broad-brimmed hat, and prepared to pay the desired visit to Jasper Duffle. Before he went, however, he looked into a book which had been lying open with its face to the counter. His intention was merely to make a mental note of the part where he had left off reading ; but in seeking for the passage, he fell in with another, which excited him so violently, that, with an angry “Pish!” he sent the pamphlet fluttering to the other end of the shop.

“Make it penal, indeed!” muttered the Apothecary, as he flung out of the door: “I should like to see it!”

CHAPTER XVII.

JONATHAN BRUMBY was the principal Apothecary, &c. at Tottenham, and in homage to the genius of the locality, he always wore sad-

coloured clothes of the same formal cut. He was therefore a favourite with the Friends, but enjoyed an extensive practice besides ; and, as before noticed, held an official appointment in the parish. He dealt in Metaphysics as well as Pharmacy, on which account he was reckoned an extremely clever man ; howbeit, nine-tenths of his panegyrists imagined that he kept his metaphysics in the labelled drawers and stoppered bottles ; and that his *pharmacy* consisted in keeping a horse, a cow, a few head of poultry, and a pig. There are many reputations in the world that are built on as strange foundations.

In person he was a stunted figure, with a face as puckered as a monkey's, and moreover as pale (pray note this) as an untoasted crumpet. Many a sick man, woman, and child, had to rue the hour which first confronted them with that wan, wrinkled visage !

The truth was, that seeing his own face in the glass every morning during the operation of shaving, and having dipped into the speculations of Monsieur Quetelet, the Apothecary took it into his head that his usual pallor was the average complexion of an Average Man. This was the true secret of his practice, as, indeed, it is of all our practices, when we mete by our own

ell, weigh by our own pound, and measure by our own bushel. When Jonathan Brumby said, therefore, that a patient "looked charmingly," he meant that the party looked something like a marble bust or a plaster cast.

To obtain this desirable complexion in his patients, the most obvious means was to extract the colouring matter by blood-letting, to which Jonathan had recourse so frequently and so freely, that the obsolete term for a Physician might have been justly revived for him, for he was emphatically a Leech. Indeed, he rather excelled the Hirudo, which sometimes requires to be bribed with milk, sugar, or beer; whereas, the Apothecary wanted no coaxing, but at the mere sight of a bare arm, went directly to the vein. Gout, palsy, dropsy, measles, mumps, chicken-pox, whatever the complaint, hot or cold, high or low, fast or slow, he had recourse to venesection. He bled for every thing,—and, above all, in the Influenza— and as every body had the Influenza, his Lancet beat Wakley's hollow—as to the numbers who took it in. The truth is, a man rides and drives his horses with discretion—his hobbies never. I verily believe, if our Leech had lived in the days of Seneca, he would have tried to bleed the Philosopher to

life again, after he had bled to death in the bath.

There are two poles, however, to every human extravagance; and supposing Jonathan Brumby to point due North as to Phlebotomy, in the South, as his antipodes, stood the Author of the treatise “ *De l’Influence Pernicieuse des Saignées.* ” It was this very work that the Apothecary took up from the counter before he went out; and the passage which so stirred his spleen contained a proposition to make the shedding of “ one drop of Christian blood ” as criminal an offence as it was by the laws of Venice.

“ I should like to see it made penal ! ” said the Phlebotomist, by which, of course, he meant quite the reverse; and thanks to this heresy of Dr. Wiesécké, when he arrived at Jasper Duffie’s, he was in the humour to let blood with a dirk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ I AM glad thee art come, Friend Brumby,” said the delirious Quaker, with a twilight consciousness of his own condition. “ I hope thee hast brought thy shears. This growing weather, a man cut in yew-tree is sure to get out of order; and I’ve straggled sadly in my top twigs.”

The Apothecary made no answer, but groped instinctively in his pocket. His patient was naturally florid, and by help of the scarlet-fever and a good fire, looked not only as red as the York Mail, but shewed an inclination to turn (as the York Mail afterwards did) to a rich claret colour. There needed no other symptom to decide the treatment; in a few minutes poor Jasper was bleeding like a calf, whose veal must be blanched for the London market. On—on—on, poured the crimson stream, as if it had been water from an Artesian well. And on—on—on, it might have spouted much longer, if Nature had not interfered, by producing syncope, whereupon the blood stopped of itself. The Apothecary would rather have had a few ounces more, but there was no help for it, so he applied restoratives to the patient, and then bound up his arm.

“There!” said the Phlebotomist, quite delighted with the pallor he had produced in Jasper’s countenance, “we’ve taken out the *scarlet*, and now we’ll attack the *Fever*!”

Whether the complaint be curable by such instalments is a question for the Faculty. In the meantime, the notion had the sound of soundness, and kept the “word of promise to the ear.” It

had just that sort of plausibility which satisfies a passive mind; and the intellects of Rachel Duffle being of that quiet order, she took it for granted that all was right, and concurred with the popular opinion of Jonathan Brumby, the "extremely clever man."

Of what followed, the blame must lie between the Doctor, the Delirium, and the Disease. It is certain that a man in a fever is more restless than common; and if he be light-headed besides, the mischief might happen by design as well as accident. It is equally sure that the Phlebotomist had been somewhat disappointed in his most sanguinary aspirations, and might, therefore, be rather careless in securing the vein; however, between one cause and another, the bandage came off in the night, and before the mishap was discovered and remedied, the unlucky Jasper had lost an unknown quantity of the vital fluid!

"That accounts for my strange vision," said the Quaker, whom the depletion had restored to his senses. "Verily, I dreamt that I had been vaccinated over again by Edward Jenner; and lo! instead of this blood, the lying fancy told me that it was warm milk from the cow which kept flowing from my arm!"

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER twitch at my sleeve: and Prudence, holding up her warning finger, is again lecturing at my elbow.

“ Beware,” quoth Prudence,—“ pray beware. You are on dangerous ground, where a single false step may be fatal. Are you sure that you are qualified to practise even at Hottentottenham, and to treat a Black Fever, let alone a Scarlet? — Have you read Armstrong on the subject? ”

“ No.”

“ Or Cooke? ”

“ No.”

“ Or Buchan's ‘ Domestic Medicine? ’ ”

“ No.”

“ Or ‘ The Doctor? ’ ”

“ No.”

“ Have you had the Scarlet Fever yourself? ”

“ Never to my knowledge.”

“ Mercy on us! ” cries Prudence; “ then you know nothing at all of the matter! Have you ever possessed a Family Medicine Chest? ”

“ No.”

“ Did you ever prescribe brimstone and treacle? ”

“ Never.”

“Did you ever carry out ‘Doctor’s stuff’ in a covered basket?”

“Never.”

“Did you ever sell Morison’s Pills?”

“Heaven forbid!”

“Have you read Arnott’s Physics?”

“No.”

“Why then, you are ignorant even of the *Materia Medica*! And now,” says Prudence, “as to Anatomy and Physiology. Did you ever see any body cut up?”

“Never, except metaphorically or critically.”

“Have you ever studied the skeleton?”

“Only the Living one — Claude Seurat.”

“Have you ever made any anatomical preparations?”

“Not even a wooden leg, or a nose of wax.”

“But possibly,” says Prudence, “you are a Somnambulist. Did you ever fall asleep with your eyes turned inward, and by the light of your own lights obtain an insight into the mechanism and operations of the human frame?”

“What! look into my own stomach! never! even with daylight and a tablespoon!”

“Of course not,” says Prudence. “And you never, by Magnetic Clairvoyance, looked through and through your sick neighbours, till, like Dr.

Hornbook, you could name and prescribe for every disease in the parish?"

"Never, I'll take my oath!"

"In short," says Prudence, "you have no medical knowledge whatever, innate or acquired, natural or revealed. And yet you will tamper! A Scarlet Fever, too—and I'll be bound you do not even know when to expect the crisis! Pray, pray, pray take care. Life and death are in your hands—a sentence or paragraph from your pen may be as mortal as the Recorder's warrant! One powder for another—the wrong mixture—a table-spoon instead of a tea-spoon,—a single error in treatment may make Jasper Duffle a corpse, and Rachel Duffle—the meek, truth-telling Rachel—a forlorn widow!"

"Here then you have a respectable Quaker, a husband—perhaps a father—laid up in his bed, with a dangerous disease, and totally dependent on your skill and knowledge for his recovery; whereas, through sheer ignorance, but with the best intentions in the world, you may do for him as effectually as if you had stirred arsenic with his gruel. At the very best, you must make him survive by a miracle, and live on preposterously hearty and active, when accord-

ing to all Medical Jurisprudence he ought to be dead and buried, and his estate in the possession of the Next of Kin.

“I will give you a case in point,” says Prudence. “An Author, and one of the most popular that ever lived, who had his Hero on his hands very ill with an Ague. And how did he treat the complaint? Not as Dr. Elliotson would advise, by large doses of quinine, ten grains at a time, and twice, if not three times a-day—to be candid, quinine was not then invented—but with a strong infusion of tobacco, and moreover, ‘strong and green’ tobacco, steeped for an hour or two in old rum. In fact, the Patient found the mixture ‘so strong and rank of the tobacco,’ that, to use his own words, he could ‘scarcely get it down.’ Now such a composing draught ought to have composed the poor fellow for ever; but if not, he must have been killed to a dead certainty a day or two afterwards when he repeated the ‘mixture as before,’ but ‘doubled the quantity.’ *That* must have settled him—and then what becomes of Man Friday and his Poll Parrot?”

“What! our old friend Robinson Crusoe?”

“Yes,—the ‘Monarch of all he surveyed’—

and who must have died after a short reign of six months—instead of twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days, during which De Foe pretends that he governed his Desert Island!"

"Zounds! a monstrous cantle! And must we then give up the land-logged canoe—and the dear suit of goatskin—and the mysterious footmark, and the Caribbee man-cooks, and Man Friday, and Friday senior, and the Spaniards, and Will Atkins? Must we really renounce the China voyage and the Overland Journey? The delicious Bear-dance and the terrible Battle with the Wolves?"

"Yes, all, every thing must be cancelled subsequent to the date of July the 2d, in the 'Journal,' that unfortunate day when the Solitary completed his infallible cure for the Ague! Indeed, so strongly is Doctor Spearman impressed with the necessity of this catastrophe, that he has written a circumstantial Narrative of the Discovery of the Corpse of Robinson Crusoe by a Party of Buccaneers, who landed for wood and water on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The ship's surgeon opens the body and analyses the contents of the stomach, and the *New Version* concludes with a professional Report of the Post-Mortem Examination."

“ From the *Sectio Cadaveris*,” says this imaginary document, “ the fact is clearly established that the deceased was poisoned by a narcotic herb, called *Nicotiana*; the same having, apparently, been macerated in a saccharine spirit.”

CHAPTER XX.

IT is dangerous work, you see, continued Prudence, for a Non-Medical Author to meddle with a disease. Even with professional men, practice does not make so perfect, but that first-rate physicians will take the wrong path in Pathology, and commit errors in Therapeutics, which end often in Tragedy, and sometimes in Comedy, or Farce. For instance, there was Doctor Seaward, who conceived the notion, during his residence at Brighton, that all complaints of the head, including mental aberration, were to be cured by Sea-Sickness. He was cock-sure of his theory: it was whispered to him by every hollow shell; he smelt it in the seaweed; he heard it in the rattle of the shingles, and in the roar of the billows. Nay, he would prove it practically; and, accordingly, he made up a snug party of his Patients, for an Experimental Cruise.

Well, suppose the day fixed, and the vessel selected and hired—a Dutch-built pleasure-boat, that would be sure to roll and tumble like a porpoise. Imagine the party embarked—Messrs. Black, White, Brown, and Green, the patients, the theoretical Doctor, and his practical assistant, Mr. Murphy. There is little wind, but a desirable swell, of which the Lovely Polly takes her full swing the moment she leaves the Pier. As might be expected from her figure, she climbs as clumsily over each wave as a clodpole scrambles over a country stile; and then rolls in the trough of the sea, like a colt that is “winning his shoes.”

“Now, Murphy,” says the Doctor, “you must carefully note down the order in which the gentlemen are taken ill.”

“With all the pleasure in life,” says Murphy, preparing his tablets, whilst the Physician rolls himself up in his cloak, and ensconces himself in a snug corner at the stern of the boat.

In the meantime the helmsman, by prescription, is a perfect lubber in his steering of the Lovely Polly. Sometimes he keeps her full, and sometimes leaves her empty. Now making her take the wave on her nose, then on her bow, then on her quarter, and occasionally on her

broadside, so that not one of the landsmen can keep his legs.

“Murphy!” says the Doctor, — “Murphy, how is Mr. White?”

“Quite charming, thankee, Doctor,” answers White for himself.

“And Mr. Black?”

“Why hearty, Doctor, hearty, only I’m a little peckish.”

“And so am I, and I,” echo Messrs. Brown and Green.

“Then it’s more than I am,” mutters the Doctor, putting his head again under his mantle.

The Lovely Polly seems determined that the theory shall have a fair chance. If she had shipped neat brandy, instead of so much salt water, she could not stagger more abominably. The Doctor, full of hope, repeats the old summons.

“Murphy!”

“Here I am, sir?”

“Do they look pale at all?”

“Divil a bit, —all as red as the flag.”

“And are they eating and drinking?”

“I believe they *are*, it would do you good to see them!”

“No it wouldn’t,” says the Doctor to himself.

The Skipper, who has had a hint of the theory, now takes the helm, and throws the Lovely Polly into the hollow of the sea, where she rocks like a cradle. Then he puts her full before the wind, and contrives to give her a circular reel, so that at every wave the vane at the masthead makes a complete circuit.

“Murphy, how are they now?”

“As well as ever, sir.”

“What! not one of them squeamish?”

“Not the least taste in life of it.”

“What are they doing?”

“They’re drinking bottled porter and smoking cigars.”

“That ought to do it,” says the Doctor.

“But it don’t,” says Murphy.

It blows squalls. The sea rises, and the Lovely Polly goes to work like a schoolmistress; for why? — the more unruly the waves are, the more she pitches into them. There is motion enough to churn cream into butter.

“Well, Murphy, what news?”

“Why they’ve eaten up the pork-pie and the pickled salmon, and drunk all the port wine, and now they’re at the cold milk punch.”

“Well?”

“Quite well.”

“What! nobody ill with all that eating and drinking?”

“Yes, *I* am,” says Murphy.

“What shall I do now, your Honour?” inquires the Skipper.

“Do!” cries the Doctor, turning suddenly ugly, as if he had the cramp in his face, “do! why turn round the bo—bo—bo—bo—boat, to be sure, and put us ashore as fast as pos—pos—pos—”

“Oh, I’m murdered entirely,” cries Murphy.

The helm is put down, and the Lovely Polly goes round till her wooden head is set directly at the Chain Pier. There at last the Experimental Party is relanded—the speculative Physician and his Assistant as pale and peaking as starved tailors—the patients as ruddy and vigorous as Welsh farmers in winter.

“Confound them!” mutters the Doctor, “they must have the stomachs of horses! But my theory is correct, for all that! I am as certain as ever that they would be cured by sea-sickness.”

“That’s true for you,” says Murphy in his sleeve, “only you can’t make them sick.”

Now that is a true story, said Prudence; indeed some French Physicians failed exactly in the same way. Here is the report.

“ Nous avons, malheureusement, nous et le domestique qui nous accompagnait, été horriblement tourmentés du mal de mer; et les monomaniaques confiés à nos soins n'ont point éprouvé le plus léger malaise. Monsieur le Docteur La-chaise a éprouvé le même désappointement.”



A Pleasure-

CHAPTER XXI.

ALAS for poor Jasper! After his double loss of blood the reaction was rapid. The fever seemed to have assumed a typhus character, and under its depression the Patient sank lower and lower—deeper and deeper still. Never was there such an illustration of the Quaker doctrine of Non-Resistance! He did not struggle even for dear life. He made no more fight for it than an oyster. He never rallied; but submitted to be cut off as passively as a cabbage. The more he was smitten, the more he gave in; and Death seemed only to delay the final blow, from shame to strike so very unresisting a victim.

In vain the Apothecary “threw in” his tonics; as vainly Rachel poured in her broths; they had lost, apparently, all power of stimulus or nutriment, and might as well have been thrown into a cart or poured down a gutter. Jasper still kept sinking: down, down, down he went like a plummet—down, down like Mexican Stock—down like the mercury of the barometer before a hurricane—down, quietly down, like a leaky ship in a dead calm!

What was to be done? A Homœopathist would have exhibited an infinitesimal dose of *hyoscynamus* to lower the pulse still further. A

German Wasserkurist would have drenched and drowned the animal spirits with cold water. A Counter-Irritator would have aggravated the outside with Spanish Fly and mustard, or whipped it with stinging nettles. One Doctor would have sent the Patient to Madeira, another to Port and Sherry. Dr. * * * * * would have supplied him with a tube, and advised a good blow-out: and Jonathan Brumby would have taken a little more blood from the arm. The course was indicated, he said, by the spontaneous hemorrhage in the night, which was evidently an "effort of Nature."

There was something, however, in this proposition, which alarmed even the quiescent nature of Rachel Duffle, who did not fail to remember the Mosaic canon, that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof." The operation itself was rather like a process which is particularly distasteful to the Sect,—to wit, distraining on the premises,—and the inference naturally occurred, that, like the legal bleeding, it might be practised too often to be beneficial. Besides, two heads are better than one, and for these several reasons, the Quakeress decided on calling in the assistance of a regular Physician. The serving-man Geziah was therefore despatched on this new errand, and

as the case was somewhat urgent, he set off running at the usual rate of running footmen in serious families, namely, about three miles an hour. But a Physician is not so easily found as a fiddler who haunts public-houses instead of private ones ; and Geziah had to hunt from Row to Place, and from Place to Terrace, and from Terrace to Street, and from the Street up a Court, before he could say to himself "Lo, here he is." It was a mean house of one story, with a broken pane in the dingy front window, through which the Quaker took a peep into a small, miserable room : there was a wretched truckle-bed in it, whereon lay a sick man, with his face as yellow as a guinea. The poor man's wife was sitting on the foot of the bed ; and at the near side of it, with his back to the light, in an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, was the Doctor.

"I wonder," said the Doctor, suddenly clapping his hand to the nape of his neck, "that you don't mend that window."

Geziah instantly withdrew his face from the pane, but was able to hear the woman's answer.

"It's been so for months and months," said she. "Our poor Billy broke it only two days before he died, and his father won't have it mended." And then Geziah heard a deep groan !

The Quaker looked again at the fractured glass, and observed for the first time that it was studded with watery globules—a minute before he would have called them rain-drops, but now they looked like human tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE door was ajar, and Geziah stood and listened awhile before he rapped.

“What do you think, Doctor,” said the female voice, “if so be he was to try the Brandy and Salt?”

“Why, I think,” said the Doctor, “that provided he tried enough of them, he might find himself in a *drunken pickle*.”

“People say it’s good for every thing,” remarked the woman.

“Which, as extremes meet,” said the Doctor, “is the same as good for nothing. Brandy and Salt, indeed! But that is one of the signs of the times! Fifty years ago, when your grandmother sent for a Doctor, he was obliged to come in black, and a wig, and could no more practise without a gold-headed cane than a conjuror without his wand. He talked to you in gibberish, and the more mystery he made of his art, the more you put faith in it. He told you to shut

your eyes and open your mouth, which you did most devoutly ; and then he put into it you didn't know what, from you didn't know where, that was to act you didn't know how, and to cure you didn't know why, except that the stuff came out of bottles inscribed with cabalistical signs.



" So much for Brandy and Salt ! "

“ There was not a man, woman, or child, in those days, who would have believed that the Grand Catholicon could come out of a brandy-bottle and salt-box. But that comes of your cheap Encyclopedias and Penny Magazines ! Now you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and won’t take a powder till you know, *seriatim*, all its ingredients. Yes, you swill and swallow without inquiry all sorts of draughts and mixtures, by the quart and gallon, under the names of porter and port wine, and so forth ; but insist, forsooth, on analysing your physic, because that shews you’re scientific ! Formerly you were all for mystery, and now you are all for history. Your Doctor now comes in a brown frock-coat and a fancy waistcoat, and, for any outward sign to the contrary, may be an architect or a stock-broker. He tells you your disease by its popular name, and says, in plain English, that he is going to give you some Epsom salts in pump water. And that’s the secret of the popularity of Brandy and Salt,—because there’s such a General Diffusion of Knowledge as to both articles. I say it’s a Sign of the Times. People must know the Why and Because of every thing. For instance, if I want you to take a little calomel, I must tell

you beforehand that it is intended to promote the secretion of the bile by the absorption of the gastric juice. To be sure it is, says you, and now I know all about it, here goes!"

At this point Geziah introduced himself into the apartment, and briefly delivered his message to the Physician.

"A fever, eh?" said the Doctor, turning round on his seat, and taking a deliberate survey of the demure serving-man from top to toe. "Is your Master's head gone?"

"Nay, but his wits be," answered the precise Geziah.

"Ha! Are you sure of that?" cried the Doctor, rather sharply. "Will you swear,"—(here he got on his feet, and "stood up to his man")—"will you really take your oath that your Master is *non compos*?"

"Oaths are profane," said Geziah; "I will not swear at all."

"Why, man," continued the Doctor, "the line between sanity and insanity is as difficult to settle as the American Boundary. It's the puzzle of the Profession,—the Sampson's Riddle of the Faculty: so hard a matter, that some of us have cracked our own skulls against it. And here

you come, without Diploma or License, and declare as plumply that your Master's head is turned ——”

“ Nay, friend, I said his wits.”

“ Well, then, his wits—as plainly as if you had seen him jump out of them. Now, I should like to know, my friend, when you consider a man to be out of his senses ?”

“ Friend,” answered Geziah, with perfect good faith, and an appropriate ignorance of the tropes and vanities of the gay world, “ I conceive that a fellow-creature must needs be beside his reason, when he saith, like Jasper Duffle, that he will turn his serving-man into a tiger !”

“ Egad then !” exclaimed the Doctor; “ it is a very prevailing mania ! And yet, after all, I have known a poor eccentric gentleman before now to be voted out of his reason on quite as irrational evidence. Well, friend, I will come to your mad Master, and, as the Americans say, like greased lightning.”

“ It is never greased,” said Geziah ; “ I will say thee wilt come speedily.”

“ Very good,” said the Doctor, and being something of a humorist, he added, “ That he would be at the appointed place before the Quaker could ‘ whistle Nancy Dawson.’ ”

CHAPTER XXIII.

“I AM just in time,” said the Physician, looking at his golden stop-watch, by which he timed the performance of Jasper’s languid pulse,—“just in time (*sotto voce*) to be too late.”

He then asked a few questions of the Apothecary, who went into a technical description of the course of treatment which had been pursued: touching by the way on Monsieur Quetelet and average complexions, Phlebotomy, Dr. Wiesécké, and the Merchant of Venice.

“It was a serious case,” said he; “however I have pretty well taken out the scarlet, and have nearly subdued the fever.”

“You have indeed,” said the Physician. “Do you kill your own pigs?”

“Pigs!” thought Jonathan Brumby; “how did he know that I keep pigs?”

“Because, in that case,” whispered the Physician, “it would be a good way of doing it.”

The Apothecary started and stared, as if uncertain whether he had not met bodily with the Arch Enemy of Mankind, or the Author of the Treatise against Phlebotomy. However, he kept down his anger, and silently followed the Doctor to the parlour, where Rachel was calmly awaiting

their report ; with her placid face, and her hands demurely clasped, and her finger-ends peeping out of her dark mittens like rabbits from their burrows.

“ Well, Friend,” said the meek Voice, “ what dost thee think of Jasper ? ”

“ I am sorry, ma’am—to think, ma’am—(the face of the Quakeress mechanically puckered up at these appellations)—in short, ma’am,” said the Physician, reassured by the self-possession of his auditor, “ he is going very fast.”

Poor Rachel ! There was a momentary struggle between Nature and Formality, but Nature triumphed, and the afflicted wife expressed her grief in a style older than Quakerism.

“ O these are cruel and heavy tidings ! ” she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and writhing like any other woman ; “ but is there no hope,—does thee mean to say there is no hope for my dear, dear Jasper ? ”

“ There is only one thing,” said the Physician, “ that can save him.”

“ And what is that ? ”

The answer was a single word, and not a hard one either ; but if it had been the most horrid blasphemy, the grossest personality that could be put into such a compass, it could not more have

shocked and offended Jonathan Brumby. It seemed akin to those magical words in the Arabian Tales, which have the power to transform the hearer into a dumb brute-beast. The Apothecary, indeed, could hardly have stood more aghast if he had actually felt some such spell at work in his frame—his head sprouting into horns, and his feet hardening into hoofs. The awful syllables, however, had no influence over the Quakeress, who even ventured to repeat them.

“What dost thee mean by *Transfusion*?”

“It is a surgical operation,” replied the Physician.

“It’s an invention of Satan!” cried Jonathan Brumby; “and before I’ll have any thing to do with it—” here he paused for an alternative—“before I’ll have any hand in it, I’ll lose the last drop of blood in my body!”

Bang! went the parlour-door, like a musket; —and then bang! went the street-door, like a cannon!

“Transfusion!” muttered the Phlebotomist, as he stamped along the “Terrace,” “it’s downright Atheism! It ought to be made a penal offence—and as to that pragmatical Doctor, I’d transfuse him to Botany Bay!”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE idea of Transfusion was so bran new to the Quakeress, that it took her some time to get it into shape. Her first mental sketch was of Jasper being supplied with the vital fluid in the ordinary manner with other fluids, that is to say, as he would have been refreshed with a pint of stout. But she soon painted that image out again, and began another more in the style of Retsch's Outlines of Hamlet, with the blood, in lieu of Hellebore, being poured in at her husband's ear. Her next rough draught seemed founded on the tale of the Vampyre,—but, not to go through all her successive designs, she at last, by help of the Physician, formed a tolerable picture of the operation. She was, however, a little abroad again, when, in answer to her inquiry as to its being painful, the Doctor replied,

“No—provided you don't give him his *claret* in too great a hurry.”

“But, peradventure, it is sinful,” suggested the conscientious Rachel.

“No more than a Bank transfer,” said the Doctor. “It is surely as lawful to replenish the empty veins as to fill a hungry stomach.”

"But art thee sure, friend, that it will answer the purpose?"

"Perfectly," said the Doctor. "It has been proved by experiment. For instance, a rabbit was drained of its blood till it lay apparently as dead as if it had been smothered in onions. A quantity of blood from a living rabbit was then injected into the veins of the dead one, when lo! up jumped Bunny in good health and spirits, and began hopping about the room."

"But Jasper is not a rabbit," objected the literal Rachel.

"No, Genus Homo," said the Doctor, "and therefore must have homogeneous fluid."

"But Jasper may object to it."

"I'll answer for him," said the Doctor. "Only let me once give him over, and he'll call for a parish engine, let alone a syringe."

"But where will thee obtain the fluid?"

"Where, ma'am?" said the Doctor; "the first that comes: and we have no time to lose. There's your man-servant, he's fresh-coloured and healthy, and will serve our turn as well as if he had his blood from the Conqueror."

"Thee shall put it to Geziah thyself," said Rachel, and she rang the bell for the serving-man, who soon put in an appearance. He was an old

servant, and reasonably attached to his master; but the proposition was no sooner made to him, than all his blood seemed to retreat inward, as far from the surface as possible. That fount, therefore, was hopeless. He did not, indeed, utter a dissenting syllable; but his face said, as plainly as face could speak, "Friend, I pray thee remember that I am one of the people called Quakers, and as such have objected to shed my blood even for my country, which containeth, peradventure, twenty millions, more or less, of men, women, and children."

"Then you will not part," said the Doctor, "with half-a-pint or so of your entire?"

"Not for gold," answered Geziah. "Nevertheless, I may find some one who is better suited to thy purpose." And he proceeded to describe a certain comely young man who lodged at the inn called the Angel—a model of manly strength, and besides, remarkable for the regularity of his habits, and the extraordinary care which he bestowed on his bodily health. He rose and went to bed betimes: took a great deal of exercise in walking, as well as with the dumb-bells within doors; dined constantly on mutton-chops or boiled chickens; and drank moderately of malt liquor and sherry, but strictly eschewed all spirits.

“It is but a little way to the Angel,” added Geziah; “and if thee please, friend, I will just step and fetch the young man hither, who, perchance, will be willing to part with the fluid of life without my own scruples of conscience.”

“Do so,” replied the Doctor: and in about ten minutes the comely, sober young man stood before him, stroking down his forelocks with one hand, and swinging his hat with the other. He was really a fine athletic young fellow, as fresh as a daisy, as sound as a roach, and as willing as you please. So the bargain was struck—an appointment was made for the operation—and the Doctor went home for his instruments. Geziah returned to the kitchen, and Rachel ascended to the bedroom, where she thus forewarned the Patient—

“Jasper, thee art to be transposed.”

CHAPTER XXV.

ALL was ready: Doctor—Assistant—nice Young Man—Laundy’s Syringe—tube—scalpel—large conical tumbler—hot water, &c. &c.

“Mercy on us!” cries the Gentle Reader, “you do not mean to treat us with the operation?” (and last night she was at a Melodrama!)

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

“I cannot bear the very idea of blood-letting,” lisps Affectation, (and she is engaged to a bold Dragoon !)

“Any thing surgical quite gives me a turn,” says another fine Lady, (and she is the wife of a Butcher !)

“I will never read it ! I never can !” declares a fourth Sensibility, (and she spells over the Accidents in “The Times !”)

Faugh ! what an age it is for Cant and Pseudo Humanity ! And yet who leaves off animal food ? But hark !—what says that French Classical Master ?

“Mon Dieu ! to let him blood on de stage ! Fi done ! Quel goût horrible ! Vraiment, les Auteurs Anglais sont des Barbares ! Non, non, non,—sare, so many true, real, veritable assassinats as you shall please to choose in front of de curtain ; but all de mock murders must be done behind de back of de scenes !”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Now then,” said the Doctor. “Be attentive and steady. I hope we are not too late—the Patient has little or no Pulse—but he breathes. There—you see he doesn’t seem to feel the cut. Now Martins, the probe—just slide it under

the vein—now the tube—and now, my man, it's your turn. That's right—arm all ready—egad, there's muscle ! it's like an arm of marble ! There—now steady—let it flow into the tumbler. Martins—just touch the Quaker's arm with the sponge—now the syringe—all right. I don't think any air has got in—look, he rallies already—but we mustn't drive too fast. He isn't winking, is he ?”

“ No.”

“ Well and good—pulse better—he gets stronger at every stroke of the piston—capital claret, no doubt ! Martins, put your ear down, and tell me what he is whispering.”

“ I can't make it out, sir—it is only a buzz.”

“ Never mind, then—don't repeat it. I should think we've got in about four ounces—as much more, and we're safe. Hark ! can you make out that ?”

“ He says he feels warmer.”

“ Of course, he does. Courage, my friend, summer's a-coming. We're going on swimmingly—no flicker of the eye—no quiver of the lip. Now I think he has got enough—if he wants more, he will make it. Here, take the syringe, and the probe. I'll bind up this, and do you stop the other tap. Bravo !—no blunder—no bungle—and the Patient, thanks to Transfusion,

quite a new man ! Look how he throws out his arms right and left, as much as to say he's good for another round !"

In fact the Quaker seemed aroused from the dead, and Rachel, who was introduced, could scarcely believe her eyes and ears.

"How dost thee now, Jasper?" said the Quakeress.

"Verily," said Jasper, thrusting out with his right arm, "I feel as if I could smite down a strong man."

"Aye, but mind," said the Doctor, holding up a warning finger to his Patient, "you must keep yourself as still and silent as if you were at Meeting. If you can sleep to order, take a good six hours' nap, and by that time I will look at you again.

"As for you," said the Doctor, addressing himself to the Purveyor of the fluid, "you are a regular trump. There's your money, and you and the Quaker must settle your consanguinity between yourselves. I don't pretend to know what relations by blood you are now to each other; or whether you will have any claim on his heritable property. That's a point for the lawyers: perhaps, he will not even have a right to be bled without your concurrence, but the long robes must settle that too.

“ Egad ! ” continued the Doctor, still addressing the young man, but in reality only thinking aloud, “ I could pick a thousand pretty speculations out of this same Transfusion, each growing out of the other like the leaves of the Caetus. Rare nuts to crack for the Casuists ! Famous logs for the Logic-Choppers ! Why the Thesis-Mongers of Göttingen and St. Omer have talked and written volumes on worse arguments !

“ But why do I talk of only the Germans and the Jesuits ? There’s debate in it for the Herald’s College—the College of Physicians, and the Inner Temple. Matter for Metaphysicians, Moral Philosophers, and Mystics ; Chemists, Romancers, Historians, and Conveyancers. Talk of the quantity of soil carried down by the Rhine or the Ganges, what is that to the millions of acres conveyed by the vital current from one generation to another ? Then, how many other things run, as it is called, in the blood ! Honour and shame—privilege—legislative *nous*—High treason and slavery—small feet and hands, according to Lord Byron, and gouty ones, according to the Faculty.

“ There’s our old friend in history, Perkin Warbeck—as much blood of the right sort, as I have just transferred, would have made a Prince Royal of a Pretender ! And then there’s the

old Doctrine of Sympathy — if the young fellow should die first, odds blood ! what's to become of the Quaker ! ”

How much farther the humorous Physician might have carried these sanguinary speculations is uncertain, for the Young Man having put on his coat again, stroked his foretop to the Doctor, made a scrape with his right leg, and took his leave with an assurance that he would be ready and willing to find as much more claret as they pleased on the same terms, provided it was not wanted till after the Thirty-First. And thereupon, after exchanging congratulations with the placid Rachel, the Doctor, Martins, and the instruments, in the nautical phrase, “ took a new departure.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN a fortnight Jasper was so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad ; and the first use he made of this ability was to seek out the Young Man whom he called his “ Life-Preserver.”

The Quaker was naturally of a grateful disposition, and beyond the pecuniary recompense, felt himself under an obligation to express personally his thankfulness to the Individual from

whose arteries he had derived the means of his own revivification.

“Verily, under Providence,” he would say, “it is through that sober, discreet young man, that I am enabled to do thus;” and then he would flourish about his arms to shew their agility, and with an evident enjoyment in the power and play of his muscles.

To his infinite disappointment, therefore, he was informed by the landlady of the Angel, that her late lodger had removed the week before to another part of the country,—she thought towards Hampton—but she promised to inquire of her husband, who was gone to London, and let the gentleman know the nice Young Man’s address.

“I will thank thee to do so,” said the Quaker; “for my heart yearns towards him, and I cannot rest satisfied till I have used kindly speech to my preserver.”

A Roscicrucian Philosopher would perhaps have detected some other influence than mere gratitude in these yearnings, some mysterious attraction between the sanguineous molecules, or magnetical sympathy—instead of an impulse, half moral and half commercial, for the Quaker was going about with blood in his body, which, according to his conscientious reckoning, he had not paid for. It was worse than being in debt for his

delightful mixed sensation between breathing and drinking. How fragrant the hedges ! how green the fields ! how bright and warm the sun ! The Quaker feels the genial influence throughout his inner man : and he is so cheerful, by sympathy, that he cannot help smiling at a post or rail, and could find in his heart to nod to a pig or a duck. The errand he is upon, no doubt, has a share in the feeling : for he enjoys in anticipation his friendly meeting and greeting with the Samaritan Young Man.

“Verily,” says he, “I think the Transfusion hath made me more alive than before : methinks I feel the blood tingling from my toes even unto the very tips of my ears !”

“Yea,” answers Geziah, “and from his free-going, I think that Tobias (the roan horse) hath been transfused also !”

On they go, quakerly and shakerly, at the rate of seven words to the hour, and as many miles to the hour—over Lea Bridge—past Whip’s Cross—skirting Wanstead Park—across the Flats—making right for the Essex Marshes, and in a fair way for the Ferry House, which stands over against Woolwich. But stop—what are the human creatures about in yonder meadow ?

The roan horse is pulled up, and the Quaker

and Quaker's Quaker endeavour with all their might and sight to discover the meaning of the assemblage. The people are clustered in a dark living ring, and something—no, two somethings are moving to and fro in the middle. It's a Mill, by gosh !

Now a prize-fight between two human beings is one of the very last spectacles that ought to attract a member of the Society of Friends to behold any nearer than he could help. Jasper, indeed, had never witnessed such a thing in all his ~~days~~—not even from a distance : but that very circumstance might inflame his curiosity ; or perhaps he intended to remonstrate with the peace-breakers—however, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach the ring. This unseemingly desire he nevertheless struggled with as became a Friend, and for some time with success, till all at once there arose a wild shout from the mob, and before it had done ringing, the roan horse felt the rein drop on his tail, the astounded Geziah found the whip in his own hand, and the excited Jasper was running like a madman to the scene of action.

The conflict had recommenced ere the Quaker arrived at the ring, and when he obtained a first glimpse of the men, they were engaged in a

sharp rally. And now, alas ! for the influence of bad example ! the corruption of evil company ! Had Jasper been allowed a single moment for reflection, his conduct might have been different ; but when he came the battle was raging at its height — his blood, heated by running, had no time to cool — above all, every body around him was half frantic, and nothing is so contagious as popular excitement. To confess the truth, the Quaker was soon as noisy and excited as any of his neighbours — pushing, elbowing, and jumping on his tip-toes. His fists were clenched — he squared with them mechanically, as others did — and echoed most emphatically the war-cries of both factions :

“ Go it, Old 'Un ! ” “ Well done, Young 'Un ! ”
“ Jack for ever ! ” — and “ Huzza for Jim ! ”

“ My eyes, what a floorer ! ” shouted a delighted costermonger.

And “ My eyes, what a floorer ! ” repeated the Quaker, as the Young 'Un went down.

Round the 157th was at an end.

The Young 'Un, his face covered with blood, was picked up and seated on his second's knee. His bottle-holder briskly spunged away the claret from his disfigured features, when lo ! — could it be ? Yes, Jasper knew the pattern of the mug

in a moment—it was that of the steady, sober, well-trained lodger of the Angel at Tottenham !

An indescribable tremor ran through the Quaker's every vein ! His heart fluttered like a bird —every muscle in his body, and especially those of his arms, began to stiffen—he set his teeth, and fairly broke into a sort of savage war-dance as the battle recommenced. But it was nearly over—after counter-hitting, to the unutterable agitation of the Quaker, the head of his benefactor was caught under the left-arm of the enemy, where it was squeezed and punched, with as little mercy as if it had been a lemon !

The partisans of the Old 'Un were uproarious ! but the blood of Jasper (*if it were the blood of Jasper*) was at boiling heat. In an instant, with a yell like a wild Indian, he burst through the ring —his beaver, his Quaker's beaver, went whirling into the air—and before it came down again, he had received one blow and had given two !

The thing was so sudden — the apparition of a Fighting Quaker so extraordinary (equal to supernatural), that before the Seconds, Bottle-holders, or Time-keepers, could interfere, the account was settled. A terrific smashing blow, straight from the shoulder—flush in the face—

the fellow-hit to that with which the Gas-man finished Cooper—sent the Old 'Un down like a shot—deaf, dumb, blind, and *pro tempore* dead—and that hit was the gammon.

“Vell! I’ve heard of such coves,” said a misanthropical costermonger, “but I never believed in ‘em, never, till I seed that ere Quaker! It’s common enuff in this vurld for to side and go along with the vinner; but to cut in and stick up, as he did, for a beaten man, that’s vot *I* calls a ‘*Friend in Need!*’”



A Friend in Need.

NOTE.

THE notion of transferring the vital fluid from the veins of one human individual into those of another, is two centuries old. It occurs in a comedy called "The Asparagus Garden," by Richard Brome, dated 1634. This sanguinary scheme was, probably, consequent on the great discovery of the Circulation of the Blood, which had been made public by Harvey some few years before, and might have attracted the attention of the dramatist. The operation of Transfusion, as now practised by Dr. Blundell, is, however, for a purpose very different to the one proposed in the old Play :—

" *Hoyden.* But must I bleed ?

Moneylack. Yes, you must bleed : your Father's blood must out.

He was but a Yeoman, was he ?

Hoyden. As rank a Clown (none dispraised) as any in Somersetshire.

Moneylack. His soul rank blood of bacon and pease-porritch must out of you to the last dram.

Springe. Fear nothing, sir. Your blood shall be taken out by degrees : and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle."

POMPEY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“ Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.”

COWPER.

’TWAS twelve o’clock, not twelve at night,
 But twelve o’clock at noon,
 Because the sun was shining bright,
 And not the silver moon :
 A proper time for friends to call,
 Or Pots, or Penny Post ;
 When, lo ! as Phœbe sat at work,
 She saw her Pompey’s Ghost !

Now when a female has a call
 From people that are dead,
 Like Paris ladies, she receives
 Her visitors in bed :

• But Pompey's Spirit could not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And wouldn't shew at night !

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear :
So Phœbe scream'd an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text,
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

“ Oh, Phœbe dear ! oh, Phœbe dear !
Don't go to scream or faint ;
You think because I'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't !
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walk'd whilst I had breath ;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death !

“ No murder, though, I come to tell,
By base and bloody crime ;
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits
Till some more fitting time ;

No Crowner, like a boatswain's mate,
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

“ One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn,
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gather'd all the wool
You see upon my head.

“ His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin—
I wish that he had call'd him out,
Before he call'd him in !
For though to physic he was bred,
And pass'd at Surgeons' Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all !

“ The doctor look'd about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said,
‘ Your case looks very black.’

And first he sent me hot cayenne,
And then gamboge to swallow,—
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow !

“ With madder and with turmeric
He made his next attack ;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying black.
At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost !

“ Oh, Phœbe dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie !
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die—
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It's lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth.

“ Alas ! some happy, happy day,
In church I hoped to stand,
And like a muff of sable skin
Receive your lily hand ;

But sternly with that piebald match
 My fate-untimely clashes—
 For now, like Pompe-double-i,
 I'm sleeping in my ashes !

“ And now farewell ! — a last farewell !
 I'm wanted down below,
 And have but time enough to add
 One word before I go,—
 In mourning crape and bombazine
 Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
 Don't go in black for me, — for I
 Can do it for myself.

“ Henceforth within my grave I rest,
 But Death who there inherits,
 Allow'd my spirit leave to come,
 You seem'd so out of spirits :
 But do not sigh, and do not cry,
 By grief too much engross'd —
 Nor, for a ghost of colour, turn
 The colour of a ghost !

“ Again farewell, my Phoebe dear !
 Once more a last adieu !
 For I must make myself as scarce
 As swans of sable hue.”

From black to grey, from grey to nought,
The Shape began to fade,—
And, like an egg, though not so white,
The Ghost was newly laid!



"Delightful Albion! Mistress of the Sea!
Wherein the Black who sets his foot is free!"

AN AUTOGRAPH.

To D. A. A. Esq., Edinburgh.

SIR,

I AM much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it ; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want.

Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls : others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees ; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern-benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called " pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another,

a German Phenomenon, held the implement with his toes.

The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick: and Silvio Pellico, with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot-and-water.

Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.

Draco, when Themis requested a few *sentences* for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistophiles.

The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls “An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.”

Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph and sent it bang into Philip’s right eye.

Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross:—others more liberally adorn a

specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circumbendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies as eagles, ships, and swans.

Then again, there are what may be called **Mosaic Autographs**—i. e. inlaid with cockleshells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pincushion—as thus:

WELCOME SWEAT BABBY.

MARY JONES.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, “a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,” he replied, that he would leave it to her in his Will, seeing as how it was “done with gunpowder on his left arm.”

There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.

According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up

prescriptions, — with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles, and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it.

King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a Keepsake,—royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises.

With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.

Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a teaboard with the slopped milk. Also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass — a surface, by the bye, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails.

A friend of mine possesses an autograph—"REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS"—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern-book—with samples of stuff and fustian.

The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink, or black,—or suppose he had it in *Sympathetic*, so that he could draw me out when he pleased? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Mounteagle (not Spring Rice), in a feigned hand? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, *i. e.* partially or totally

illegible? Would he like it — in case he shouldn't like it — on a slate?

With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table,—a paving-stone or a brick wall,—a looking-glass or a window,—a teaboard or a silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door,—I presume, to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and in the absence of any particular directions for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier-pigeon—or in a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men
The apple press'd with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

' Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing ?
 Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."

OLD BALLAD.

Of all old women hard of hearing,
 The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing !
 On her head, it is true,
 Two flaps there grew,
 That served for a pair of gold rings to go
 through,
 But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
 They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
 Each queer feature ask'd a query ;
 A look that said in a silent way,
 " Who ? and What ? and How ? and Eh ?
 I'd give my ears to know what you say !"

And well she might ! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row !
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen ;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops ;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind ;
But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a
dish !

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house — which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks —

For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks !
She was deaf as a stone — say one of the stones
Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones ;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his
speech !

She was deaf as a nut — for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out —
As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten —
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the “dull, cold ear of death”),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton —
Or Charles the First, *in statue quo* ;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you “ax,”
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the
pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond, —
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears :

And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker !

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy ;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into, for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer !

So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's Work,



"None so deaf as those who will not hear."

Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex — whatever her station —
And none the less that the Daine had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling Village of Tringham —
As who wore silk ? and who wore gingham ?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em ?
How the Smiths contrived to live ? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together ?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skin-
ners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners ?
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf ?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the
Lady ?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle ?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle ?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown ?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown ?

If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the
Pope ?

And how the Grubbs were off for soap ?

If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares ;

And if they could muster a whole pair of bel-
lows ?

In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,

By courtesy called Statistical Fellows —
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches ;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertained that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !

But this, alas ! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spear-
ing ;

And often her tears would rise to their founts —
Supposing a little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait —
That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.

'T is true, to her cottage still they came,
And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,

Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have lived, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
Near the New River Head, with its water cut
off!

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in :
But all remedies fail'd ; and though some it was
clear
(Like the brandy and salt
We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear !

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune ;

For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,

It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound —
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat ;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch ;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch ;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door ;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor —
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo ! a man ! a Pedlar ? ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen
carry,

Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings ;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,

But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"
Who luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay pannels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or
Roman,
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least is a Showman !

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago ;
And presto ! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his pack—
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

" There, Ma'am ! try it !
You needn't buy it—
The last New Patent—and nothing comes
nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense !

A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake ;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dumby to all creation,
And only looking at conversation —
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes !
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."

("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again ! No harm in trying —
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice — that is all —
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall, —
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say —
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's
couldn't ;
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't —

Only a guinea—and can't take less."

("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

" Dear !—Oh dear, to call it dear !
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear ;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of
Affection ;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and
Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth :
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens— crowing of cocks —
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox —
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that Echo mocks —
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds ! to call such a concert dear !
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round
Come—suppose we call it a pound !

“Come,” said the talkative Man of the Pack,
“Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

“Only a pound! it’s only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
It’s only the fee
You might give Mr. C.,
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
For, not to enlarge,
It’s the regular charge
At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what’s a pound to the blessing of hearing!”
 (“A pound’s a pound,” said Dame Eleanor
Spearing.)

“Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound’s a pound there’s no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of
pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds:
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant and moral saw,

Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw ;
Why it costs a guinea, as I 'm a siuner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner !
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle !
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's
prong !

“ It 's not the thing for me — I know it,
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it ;
But it is the best, and time will shew it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing
it snap,

Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay !
Come — eighteen shillings — that 's very low,
You 'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not !

Eighteen shillings ! it's worth the price,
Supposing you 're delicate-minded and nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you how's your liver,
And where you ache, and whether you shiver,
And as to your nerves so apt to quiver,
As if he was hailing a boat on the river !
And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet !

“ Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you 're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice that goes over the way,
Down the street and round the corner !
Come—speak your mind — it's ‘ No or Yes ’ ”
(“ I 've half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“ Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying ;
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,
Like Juno, or Rose,
Whose ear undergoes

Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle !

“ You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you ’d shell out your almonds for Christmas-
day ;

And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
‘ There you go with your tonsils out ! ’

Why I knew a deaf Welshman who came from
Glamorgan

On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have call’d a monkey into his organ !
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour’d in his ear some acoustical drug,
That instead of curing deafen’d him rather,
As Hamlet’s uncle served Hamlet’s father !
That’s the way with your surgical gentry !

And happy your luck
If you don’t get stuck
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer’d the sentry !

“ Try it again, dear Madam, try it !
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or not,—
That’s the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not !

“ Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors !
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was ‘ shod with felt,’
Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn’t describe of course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom’d by a horse !
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet !

“ I’m not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belong’d to the sensitive sex,

Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord ! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,

Instead of a song that's very improper !
Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like
an O,—

And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he 's calling ' Green Peas,' or calling her
names ? "

(" They're tenpence a peck !" said the deafest of
Dames.)

" 'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name) !

A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits* ;
A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, Ma'am, only try ! ”
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry ; •
“ It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *sine qua non* ;

Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends ;—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—
At least as a mere malicious act,—
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.

Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.

It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge ;
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter :
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum
As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

“ Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix :
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To ‘ *magnify sounds* ’ on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
Charity Sermons, short or long,—
Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear ;
 Or, supposing by chance
 You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !

Try it—buy it !

Buy it—try it !

The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
 For guiding sounds to proper tunnel :
 Only try till the end of June,
 And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune,
 I'll turn it gratis into a Funnel !”

In short, the Pedlar so beset her,—
 Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
 With flatteries plump and indirect,
 And plied his tongue with such effect,—
 A tongue that could almost have butter'd a
 crumpet,—
 The deaf Old Woman bought the Trumpet.



The Pedlar was gone. With the Horn's assistance,
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;
 And then she heard the tick of the clock,
 The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock ;
 And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
 And heard it fall as plain as a skittle !

'Twas a wonderful Horn, to be but just !
 Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust ;

So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,
The Gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
As if she meant to canvass the borough,

Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity ;—
And, sure, had the horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,

It couldn't have ripp'd up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !
'Twas plain enough that her village peers

In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;
For whenever she raised the tube to her drum,
Such sounds were transmitted as only come

From the very Brass Band of human sinners !
Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach ;
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight ;

Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb !

Alas ! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth !
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang ;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin-cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Cursed his eyes, limbs, body, and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish !

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song ;
Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,
Those sounds belong'd to Depravity still !

The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of
"swag,"

The plunder'd house — or the stolen nag —
The blazing rick, or the darker crime
That quench'd the spark before its time —
The wanton speech of the wife immoral —
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel, —
With savage menaces, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop "for the
knife;"

The human liver, no better than that
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like "a shocking bad
hat"
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding !

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred, or the lowly born,
The working man who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals —

Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
Nob or Snob,
The Squire on his cob,
Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,
To the Saint who expounded at "Little Zion"—
Or the "Sinner who kept the Golden Lion"—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—
She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
That like the bell
With muffins to sell,
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle !

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink : .
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;
For still by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together,
As surely as Scarification and Cupping ;

Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,
For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours, of either gender,
Especially that which is call'd the Tender,
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
As harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women ! the wretches ! had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;
For the marriage tie they had no regard,
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous
pinches
Kept cutting off her L by inches)
And as for drinking, they drank so hard
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and
tongs !

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs ;
And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;
And broke in houses as well as horses ;

Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,
And would their own mothers and wives for a
button—

But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from the tongue,
There was not a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Mur-
ray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story ;
And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
Which, as all the world knows, by practice or
print,

Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,
Or buzz of blame,
Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat
Of a beam in the eye or diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in ;

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "shocking!"
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlett to gather her young,
A sound, when human, that always proclaims
At least a thousand pities and shames,

But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain folks when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"
The farther she poked the Trumpet in.
Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
East and West, and North and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder between the horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the Parish of Tringham was all in a flame !

For although it requires such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."

In fact such very ill blood there grew,
From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah ! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That whispering tongues can poison Truth,—
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose, and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and bro-
ther,
While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other ;

Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship or skiff!
The plighted Lovers, who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one;
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
 Hand in hand,
 As the song has planned,
Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will!

In short, to describe what came to pass
 In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!
 The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to
 Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
And forgeries traced to their proper source;—
 And the sow that ought
 By the ear is caught,—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;

And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag ;
And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
And the fact turns up like a worm from the
ground—
And the matter gets wind to waft it about ;
And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—
And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is
known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was
blown !

* * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog ;
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and
guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog ;
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is “a Witch!—a Witch!”

Over the Green, and along by the George—
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage be-
yond,

And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster !
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
“ Wise Woman ” and Witch to be the same,
No Hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top ;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold !—Dame Eleanor Spearing !

Oh ! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
“ Seize her !—Drag the old Jezebel out !”
While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

“ Now silence—silence—one and all !” .
For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul !
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,
The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall ;

For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough ! and more than enough ;—
Twenty impatient hands and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man ;
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat—
And crush the Infernal Trumpet flat ;—
And then they hurry her through the door
She never, never, will enter more !

Away ! away ! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and
main ;
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,
Who happens to get “ a leg to carry ! ”
And happy the foot that can give her a kick,
And happy the hand that can find a brick—
And happy the fingers that hold a stick—
Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick ;—

Nay, happy the Urchin — Charity-bred,
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds !

But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs —
Send styes in the eye — and measles the pigs —

Grease horses' heels — and spoil the butter ;
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk —
And turn new milk to water and chalk, —
Blight apples — and give the chickens the pip —
And cramp the stomach — and cripple the hip —
And waste the body — and addle the eggs —
And give a baby bandy legs ;
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse —
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No Pumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S. !

As if she were only a sack of barley ;
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley !

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all —

Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,
Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
To come “with his tail” like the bold Glengarry,
And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—

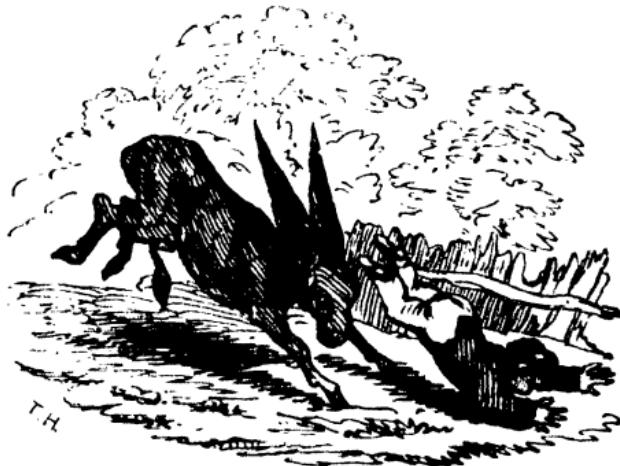
But no such matter is down in the bond ;
And spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim—
And in they bundle her—sink or swim ;
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must
drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down ;
Including the help to the self-same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
A Pedlar !—Yes !—The same !—the same !
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame !
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her ;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger, and strive to speak—

But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water level !

Moral :

There are folks about town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames ;
And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !



‘ Little Pitchers have great ears.’

NOTE.

THE following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like

Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid Pro Quo ; or, A Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition.

" Soe tenderly kind and gratiouſ is Nature, our Mother, that She ſeldom or never puts upon us any Grieuaunce without making Us ſome Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equiva- lenth, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably diſplaide in the Caſe of ſuch of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loſs of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Com- fort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as teſtified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Mu- ſick that is not vouchſafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Uſage of his Ears. For note, that the ſelfſame Condition of Boddy which is moſt apt to bring on a Surdity,—namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and ſubtile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly ſuch as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which ſilences the Tym- panum, or drum, is the moſt iſtrumental Caufe in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians

have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes, where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended, another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing Island described in Rabelais his Works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells: wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of brazen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of

Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alake ! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man : wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers."

ON A ROYAL DEMISE.

How Monarchs die is easily explain'd,
And thus it might upon the Tomb be chisel'd,
" As long as George the Fourth could *reign* he
 reign'd,
And then he *mizzled*."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

“When you are eating, leave off hungry.”

Do no such thing. Supposing your Appetite to be honest and hearty—no pampered craving for delicacies, but a natural demand for wholesome food—why then, no shabby instalments, no ounce-in-the-pound compositions with Hunger. Pay in full. The claim of the stomach is a just one; and let it be handsomely satisfied. The constitution, physical or moral, must be peculiar, that can derive either comfort or benefit from perpetual dunning.

Leave off hungry!—Pshaw!—as well say, when you are washing yourself, leave off dirty. There is only one reasonable reason that can be urged in favour of thus bringing a Meal to an “untimely end”—namely, that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case Necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may leave off as hungry as a hunter, who has not caught his hare. But with the whole joint before you, eat your fill. As for the rule, there is only one maxim of the kind that is worth any thing—viz. *when you are dying, leave off alive.*

“UP THE RHINE.”

WHY, Tourist, why
 With Passports have to do ?
 Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
 The Port and Sherry too.

Why, Tourist, why
 Embark for Rotterdam ?
 Pr'ythee stay at home and take
 Thy Hollands in a dram.

Why, Tourist, why
 To foreign climes repair ?
 Pr'ythee take thy German Flute,
 And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
 The Seven Mountains view ?
 Any one at home can tint
 A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, Tourist, why
 To old Colonia's walls ?
 Sure, to see a *Wrenish* Dome,
 One needn't leave St. Paul's.

SPECULATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

“Can an Oyster think?”

Of all things living—if it can be called living, never to see life,—there is none so inanimate as an Oyster. Confined to its *native* spot,—literally bedridden, and knowing no change, but the opening and shutting of its chamber-door—a fixture in its own house—always at home like the grate—no squatter, but a decided settler,—it is, as the Americans say, in an “eternal fix.”

It was once thought impossible that a horse could come to be shaved, which however has since happened; but a similar prediction may safely be made concerning an oyster. The barber must come to the beard, or the oyster must live everlasting unshorn like the Wandering Jew, but without his wandering. It can no more leave its shell than a corpse its coffin. All the divisions of New Police, with all their Serjeants and Superintendants, might order it in vain to move on—it is “*no go*” personified.

Prima facie it seems impossible that such a

squab should cogitate. In spite of Spurzheim, who affirms that the substance of the human brain resembles that of an oyster, it is difficult to believe that there is any intellectual faculty in such a lump of animal blanc-mange—that it ever even thinks of thinking. Is it so much as aware metaphysically of its own existence—*Cogito, ergo sum*? Can it entertain an idea, natural or acquired—by intuition, which is a sort “of private tuition,”—or otherwise? Has it any little notions—except material ones—of any thing at all from the cosmogony of the world downwards? Can it meditate—put this and that together—reflect—or perform any mental act whatever? Does it ever theorise—for example, as to the tides? Or ever draw an inference,—e. g. that a cathedral-stall must be better than a stall in the street? Can it draw a comparison—as between itself and a rolling-stone? Or form a notion of motion? Or of a locomotive machine,—for example, the Colchester Coach? Can it muse, or compose a Psychological Curiosity? Can it go wool-gathering—or into a brown study—or into a fit of abstraction—without the help of the knife? Does it ever get to its wits' end—or even to their beginning? In short, has it a mind of its own?

These are difficult queries; and the more so, that the dumb shell-fish, if it have any thinkings, whether poetical Night Thoughts or prosaical day ones, such as Thoughts on the Currency—Thoughts on the Corn-laws;—or still more cogent Thoughts on the Corporation and Testaceous Acts—is inevitably condemned to keep its Thoughts to itself.

In the meantime, our servant, this morning, has brought from the fish-market a fine living crab, with an oyster, by way of rider, sticking right and tight on the back shell. Here, then, appears something like a glimmering of reason and foresight; for if the Bivalve had fastened on any common scaly fish, it might easily have been rubbed off wilfully or accidentally; whereas from the hard crust of Cancer it was as difficult to dislodge as the Old Man of the Sea. Again, there is much seeming sagacity in the selection of the Amphibious reptile; for supposing an Oyster to indulge a wish for seeing the world, where could it have chosen a better Conveyancer, than one accustomed, besides sea voyages, to occasional travels on land?

This certainly resembles the exercise of a reasoning faculty; however opposed certain analogies may be to such a conclusion. But an Oys-

ter is very anomalous—and for example in this :—*That you must take it out of its bed before you can tuck it in !*

A BULL.

ONE day—no matter where or when,
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
For why ? an Irishman is ready then

“ To play the Devil ”—

A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,
Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin
From German Faustus and his German cousins

Had won by dozens ;

The only one, in fact, he cares a pin
To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick

Won ev'ry trick :

The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
“ Your soul—I've won it !”

“ It's true for you, I've lost that same,”

Said Pat a little hazy in his wits—

“ My soul is yours—but come another game—
Double, or quits !”

SHOOTING THE WILD STAG IN POLAND.



A Sechszechner.

THE Reader, before proceeding to the text, will doubtless have taken a glance at the Woodcut prefixed to this article ; and will, most probably,

have determined that it stands for the head of a very magnificent animal. And, truly, so it does. Witness his stately antlers—a perfect “flourish of horns;” and, like an original melody, all “out of his own head.” Count, too, his tines, which denote him a Stag, or Hart rather, of the very first class. For, strangely as it may sound, the tinier such game is the better. In that favourite story amongst the Scotch novels, the “Bride of Lammermoor,” it will be remembered, that Norman, the forester, vouches for the woodcraft and courage of the Master of Ravenswood; who, at the age of sixteen, had rushed in, and hamstrung the wild deer at bay—“a stout old Trojan of the first head, with *tentined* branches, and a brow as broad as e'er a bullock's.” Such a buck was of course accounted a noble one: but here we have the bust of a still more magnificent creature; the number of whose tines amounts—as the German designation implies—to sixteen.

What a sensation it would cause, were it rumoured that such a stag was afoot in Athol—that such a pair of antlers had been glimpsed in Glen Tilt! How many a rifle would almost go off from mere sympathy with such a report! The moors that would be toiled over—the mosses

that would be threaded—the burns that would be paddled in—the precipices that would be scaled—the walking, stalking, running-cunning, the stumbling, tumbling, ducking, bemucking, fagging, flagging, and shanknagging, that would be undertaken and endured, only to pull a trigger at such a Specimen of the Species! But the noble Beast is a foreigner—a Continental Hart, too big, perhaps—as Dr. Johnson said of a certain lady—for an island; the sketch having been taken from an individual who was done to death in an outlandish manner, which it is presumed will be novel, and therefore interesting to British Sportsmen. Those especially, who have had their hearts, and their heads, bodies, and limbs to boot, in the Highlands,

“A-chasing the wild deer,
And hunting the roe,”

will be pleased, probably, to learn how such an animal was turned into venison, in a country a long way from Glengarry’s.

Since the chase became the business or the sport of mankind, there have been various modes of killing the wild deer, and each fashion has had its recorder. Thanks to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, we know that of old, in Britain,

the hart was hunted with "hound and horn," and such a following of armed retainers, that the chieftain, if he so pleased, might indulge in "a Little War." The Robin Hood legends have commemorated the havoc made in the herd by the long and cross bow, with shaft, or bolt,—weapons and missives since superseded by the bullet and the gun. With Deer-stalking, as at present practised in the Highlands of Scotland, we have been familiarised by the pleasant volume of Mr. Scrope, who has greatly added to what Winifred Jenkins would call our "buck larning" on the subject. Even the Unting of the Art at Epping has been portrayed by Moncrieff, Cruikshank, and others, with both pen and pencil: whilst Nimrod has shewn how pompously and deliberately the stag is chased in France, with relays of hounds, and chasseurs in state-liveries. In Germany, deer are generally shot at a battue; and the Old Man of the Brunnen has mentioned the "verdant batteries," or leafy loopholed ambuscades, through which the Duke of Nassau and his friends used to let fly at the game as it bounded along the broad alleys cut on purpose through the forest. There remains, probably, only another method to describe; and it is so peculiar as to require a

vehicle of its own: not a deer-cart, or a car for the conveyance of Hunting Leopards, but a carriage for the sportsman himself.

The *modus operandi* will be best understood from the following extract of a letter, which is dated from Schloss Antonin, a hunting-seat belonging to Prince Radziwill, and situated near Krotchin, towards the southern extremity of Prussian Poland. The writer is an officer in the Prussian service; and who has, therefore, not quite such a command of English, as if he were in our own army. Hence it has been necessary, here and there, to alter a word, or the construction of a paragraph; for instance, by shifting a verb from the rear—its usual position in German—to the van of a sentence. Moreover a phrase has sometimes conveyed a meaning very different from the one intended by my correspondent; for example: “So soon as the stags perceive a man on his feet, to avoid danger, they *make away with themselves as fast as they can.*”

* * * *

“I often think, my dear Hood, how well you would amuse yourself here, with such excellent shooting and fishing, and abundance of game of all kinds, wet or dry. Stags, fallow-deer, roe-

bucks, wild boars, wolves, hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, wild geese, wild ducks, water-rails, jack and pike, carp, tench, and perch ! All these have been thinned, more or less, by our hands since I have been here at Antonin. But I cannot say wolves, as only one has been killed in the battues for wild boar.

“ As to fishing, the trolling was capital — catching eight or ten long pikes every time we tried: and I had the honour of teaching some of the party to wind up the jack. There is no river here—but there are very large meers, in which we troll from boats, rowing very gently alongside of the shore, near the reeds and sedges. Do you remember the wonderful face of our Polish Captain, at Burg Kremnitz, when from the windows of the Château he saw us at our pike exercise, in the garden, myself with the rod, and you, like a grave physician, with your stop-watch in your hand, to give the patient his lawful time before death—so that the Captain mistook the operation for some scientifical experiment in Hydrostatics ? But here trolling is no novelty; for we angle in the English style and with English tackle; and the fish know what *gut* is better than they do even in *Darm-*

stadt. But the ramrod has been still more in request than the trolling-rod; which reminds me to give a sporting aim at a question which has not hitherto been hit by Sir John Herschel, or your British Association—namely, why there should be so many falling meteors in the November month? It seems to me, 'as sure as a gun,' as you say, that there must then be so many shooting stars, because it is in the shooting season—but the astronomers must find out at what sorts of game. To return to earth,—there has been plenty of sylvan war here to satisfy even a Captain of Rifles—who prefers to shoot at living targets, and would like most to hit a bull's eye when he is running wild, as at Chillingham Park.* The Stag-shooting here is very amusing, and conducted in a manner most likely unknown in England. It is called *Pirsch-chen*, a word that cannot be translated, but you shall have a description of the thing.

* At the meeting of the British Association in 1838, a letter was read, from the Noble Proprietor of Chillingham, on the subject of the wild cattle. It seems to have escaped the memory of Lord Tankerville, as well as of Sir Walter Scott, in their remarks on the subject, that such a breed of cattle is described as indigenous in the account of the Island of Tinian in Anson's Voyages.

“Of all animals the Wild Stag is perhaps the most shy and suspicious of man. You would think, from the vigilant care he takes of himself, that he was aware how delicious his flesh is to eat at a venison-feast ; and that his skin makes such good and durable breeches. As his eyes, ears, and nose, are all particularly sharp, and he seems to have an innate bad opinion of the human race, it is extremely difficult to approach within shot of him, especially if you are on foot. You may walk for days together without being able to get a crack at him ; but fortunately, like the stag in *Æsop's Fable*, he has a blind side, or a weak one, which allows you to circumvent him. Perhaps it is through curiosity, or perhaps from a more aristocratical feeling ; but certain it is, that whilst he shuns a pedestrian, as carefully as some human beings avoid a poor relation, his Deership puts up with, and even seems pleased by, one's approach in a carriage. Sitting in a vehicle, you are almost always sure of getting within range of him, whilst he stands, quite *stagnant*, steadfastly gazing and admiring, or maybe, criticising, your equipage.

“Accordingly, the German sportsmen make use of little carriages called *Pirsch-Wagen*, built on purpose to go *pirschen*, as it is termed, for

achsessen would not be the proper technical phrase. The vehicle is a sort of bench or sofa upon wheels, built very low, in order to enable you to step out easily without its stopping: but here is a sketch of one, as well as I am able to draw it, without the horses. It looks, you see, something like an Irish jaunting-car, freely done into German.



A Pirsch-Wagen.

"In this carriage you set out early in the

morning, or towards the evening; ~~as at~~ those times the deer and the roebucks—which are shot in the same way—then leave the thickets, and come out to graze in the meadows and the open places in the woods. Thus, driving slowly through all those parts of the forest where the game may be expected to be found, it generally happens that before long you meet with a herd, consisting of several hinds and calves, accompanied by one or two stags. Taking a direction which will bring you within shot of them, the carriage drives slowly on, but in a circle, and with as little appearance as possible on your own part of being conscious of the presence of the herd. Indeed, the more you talk, and the louder, the better it is; as if the animals were actually aware of the proverb about ‘little doers.’ Nay, with proper precautions, you may even talk *at* them without their taking either offence or alarm. On the other hand, the more slyly and stealthily you go to work, the more timid and suspicious are the deer—let them but catch a glimpse of you alone, silent, and on foot, and away they go like frightened lightning, and are out of sight before they are quite visible.

“ Well, on you drive, chattering like jays, but

not looking much at your prey, except as the young ladies do at their victims—namely, through the corners of your eyes,—unless you happen to have the gift of *clair-voyance*, and can watch them through the back of your head. At last you arrive at a distance of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty yards from the mark, when you step out of the Pirsch-Wagen, and, if possible, behind a tree, whilst it is passed by the vehicle; for the machine must not stop on any account, or the herd would instantly take flight at a furious pace. The deer, intently gazing at the passing carriage, allows you just time enough to take aim with your rifle, and fire—of course only at the Stag. Hinds and calves are very rarely shot: such an act being deemed a most unsportsmanlike proceeding—a crime in the code of woodcraft, about on a par with shooting your own dam and her young ones. Indeed, I have heard a thorough-bred Austrian chasseur declare—*à propos* to killing a doe—that he would ‘rather commit suicide *twice over*.’ But to return to the stag—which, except you are rhinoceros-skinned, and quite banter-proof, you had better take care to hit. Between ourselves, I once missed a fine *Zwölfer*, and what was worse, at only eighty paces—and

have been glad in my immortal soul ever since that Zamiel was not at my elbow at that moment, to tempt me with an infernal bargain of infallible bullets. The instant the stag feels the ball, he generally bounds three or four feet from the ground, and then flies off into a thicket: it very seldom happens that he falls immediately; for even when shot through the heart—or *auf das Blatt getroffen*, literally through the leaf,—for the Germans have a sporting language quite peculiar—even then he will go several hundred yards before he drops. From the colour of the blood, the leap he makes, and the pace at which he goes off—indications called by sportsmen *das zeichen*, the mark or sign—it is known whether he is shot through that vital organ, or in any other part of the body. In the first case, he is followed instanter, and is generally found within some hundred yards from the spot where he was struck. On the contrary, if not mortally hit, he is suffered to depart in quiet, being then what is termed *krank*; for, if pursued directly, he would go very far, and probably out of your bounds, into a strange forest, so that you would only have shot so much venison for the benefit of some person or persons unknown. Whereas, if you leave him unmo-

lested, he repairs to some neighbouring thicket, where he lies down, to lament his *deer-bought* experience of the deceitfulness of appearances, and in particular, of gossiping Pirsch-Wagoneers. Before leaving the place, however, you must mark the spot by breaking off the branch of a tree; or, if you prefer it, you may hang one of your companions or yourself upon the bough. Only, in the last case, you cannot come so early the next morning as you ought to do, with a couple of bloodhounds, to look for your prize. These being laid on the scent, soon find and unharbour the stag, which, weakened by loss of blood, is speedily brought to bay, and then is easily killed by a second or third ball, whilst he is trying, as the Americans say, to poke his fun into the dogs. Of course, unless you are cool and steady, and a good shot, you will not venture on this nice work, especially with a double-barrel, lest you should maim or murder *both* of the hounds. At such a crisis, a simple miss is not the worst of misshaps.

“About a fortnight ago, one fine evening, I went out in a Pirsch-Wagen with Prince Boguslaw Radziwill, but only scored one roebuck towards the game. The Prince, however, in the course of three hours, shot two beautiful

Stags—one of them a *Sechszehner*—that is to say, with antlers which have sixteen branches, eight on each side. Enclosed, I send you a slight portrait of the Deer Original. The other was a *Zwölfer*, with twelve branches or tines, according to your own nomenclature. The *Sechszehner* weighed four hundred and sixty-three German pounds, equal to about four hundred and ninety of English avoirdupois. Mind, these are not fallow-deer, or such as are kept in parks, but the true wild deer, coming and going between Silesia and Russian Poland. How I wish that one might book you a place in the Pirsch-Wagen!—although it is not a sport entirely without danger; as, at times, the Stags, and particularly the old ones, become very furious when they are brought to bay. They are cunning in fence, and with their long *augensprossen*, or eye-branches—those nearest the brow, and which project forwards—they run through the dogs that attack them, and pin them to the ground. And if they could get at the dogs' master, they would undoubtedly serve him in the same manner; and you need not to be told that hart's-horn, thus administered, is any thing but a reviver.

“ The Pirsch-Wagen is also used in shooting

what is now a *rara avis* in England—the Bustard! which, like the Stag, is too shy a cock, or too proud, to let you get near it without some sort of stalking-horse, or an apology for a carriage. A wagon, laden with hay or straw, is, as the doctors say, a very good vehicle. Some sportsmen fancy-dress in a smock-frock, and affect an agricultural interest in following a plough, which the Bustards will allow to come sufficiently near to them; aware, perhaps, that the working-classes are not likely to have game certificates. A harrow will serve your purpose, if you can persuade the driver to edge or zig-zag towards the birds—and thereby hangs a tale, and literally a harrowing one—but the scene of it was near Berlin, where the Bustards are plentiful. By way of getting better screened on the opposite side, I was attempting to cross between the harrow and the horses, when, just at that particular moment, whilst I was still within the traces, the horses thought proper to take fright, and away we all went, full speed, with iron heels before me, and iron teeth behind,—

‘ Amazement in the van, and Terror in the rear ! ’

“ To aggravate the dilemma, the harrow, from

striking against my legs, tilted over, with the spikes uppermost, so that one minute I had to consider myself kicked, and the next to expect such a heckling as the Scottish poet commended, with all the fervour of the tooth-agony, to the 'doups' of the younger Burnses. Had I stumbled, it would have gone bard, and sharp to, with one of the sincerest, as well as stoutest, of your friends. Luckily, however, the field had a farther end to it, where the horses pulled up, just when, from want of wind and exhaustion, I could not, for my dear life, have galloped over another rod, pole, or perch. Accordingly, except my trousers, which were torn into 'shorts,' I escaped without much damage—only a few scratches, and the fluster and fatigue to be expected after such a burst, with a full game-bag and a gun to carry, over ploughed land. It was some comfort, after all, to succeed the same day in knocking down a Bustard; a huge cock, as big as three turkeys rolled into one, and with moustaches quite long enough for a Prussian dragoon.

"Yesterday we had a *battue* in the neighbourhood of the pheasant park for an animal not yet mentioned—the Fox,—which commits enormous depredations amongst the birds.

I seem to see nothing except the whites of the eyes of your Country Squires, and their five-fingered telegraphs making signs of admiration at the shooting of any Reynards at all; but, begging the excuse of Mr. Lane Fox, and Mr. Fox Maule, it must be remembered that we are not within a long day's ride of a pack of fox-hounds. So we killed five, and wounded two more foxes, which Mr. Nimrod will agree was quite enough for one brush.

“ The Wild Boar-hunting affords excellent sport, being very exciting, and sometimes perilous; for, unless you take care, the boar will, perhaps, save you the trouble and the sin of doing ‘ what Cato did and Addison approved,’ with your own hands. If a description of the Boar-hunting will amuse you, it shall come in my next; but, in the interval, I must send off my present letter to Krotochin, or else, by my bad jockeying, it will be on the wrong side of the post.”

* * * *

So far my Prussian correspondent: but whilst writing out the above extract, it has occurred to me that, in a sporting article, it might not be amiss to give a slight sketch, by an English-

man, of a Shooting Meeting in Bohemia, in illustration of the princely style in which a *battue* is conducted in Germany.

“ Early in the morning the whole party set off from the Castle in about fifteen or twenty carriages for the place of meeting. On arriving at the rendezvous, we had a magnificent *déjeuner*, during which the chasseurs of the Prince, in green uniforms, played beautiful pieces of music on their hunting-horns,—the instruments, by the way, being of English manufacture. After breakfast we broke up again, and the shooting commenced, which was conducted in the following manner:—About five hundred drivers encompassed an immense tract of ground, all at an equal distance from each other, and between the drivers the sportsmen were stationed; each gentleman having, like Robinson Crusoe, a couple of guns,—some had three or four,—and along with him two Jagers, one to load as fast as he could, and the other to carry the ammunition. At a given signal, drivers, sportsmen, chasseurs—in short, the whole body, began to move forward towards the centre, which was indicated by a lofty flag, the circle, of course, becoming narrower at every step. The hares, thus enclosed within a living ring-

fence, began to scamper about in all directions ; and, whilst attempting to break through the circle, were shot by the sportsmen. Very few escaped ; not above a dozen, maybe, out of six or seven hundred. In this manner we amused ourselves till dusk, and then the party returned again to the Castle, an outrider preceding each carriage, with a huge lighted torch, so that at a distance we must have appeared like a procession. Your first reflection on the above will be, ' What a number of Hares, and how many Friends ! ' Indeed, I remember your surprise at the abundance of that kind of game, as well as of partridges, in some parts of Germany ; *à propos* to which, be it known to you, that I shot, for my own share, two hundred and four Hares during my trip to Töplitz. In the last six days of my stay there were killed on the estate of Prince Clary, eighteen hundred and seventy-six Hares, fifteen Red Deer, eighteen Wild Boars, seventy-six Partridges, and twenty-one Pheasants. As to partridges, not less than three thousand six hundred were shot at Töplitz during September and October. And now, as statistics are in fashion, here is an official return of the game killed in six days

on the estate of his Highness Prince Ferdinand Lobkowicz, at Bylin, in Bohemia:—

	Roe- bucks.	Hares.	Phe- asants.	Partridg.	Bl. Cock
Nov. 14, at Liebhausen, ..	0	1241	0	29	0
— 15, Ditto ..	0	529	0	39	0
— 16, Luckow	23	9	0	0	1
— 17, Hochpetsch ..	0	982	0	44	0
— 18, Krobischich ..	2	573	0	10	0
— 19, Kosten	9	435	6	13	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Total ..	34	3769	6	135	1

SECOND NATURE.

PHYSICAL Force, Moral Force, and the Police Force, are all very powerful things; and so is the Force of Habit. It killed a Young Gentleman last week at Spring Vale Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holydays; and the very first walk he took, he split himself, poor fellow! in trying to walk two and two.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife :
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—

He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

NOT IN "BOZ."

"I'LL tell you what it is," said Mr. Weller to Mr. Hatband ; " there's no doubt in the world that the Railways will prove very injurious to Coaches, and Coachmen, and to Horses in partikler, by throwing so many hanimals out o' work, and by consekens out o' bread, or at least hoats. - But that's nothing to the ruination that will be inflicted on Gen'l'men in your own line — namely, the Undertakers. And for this reason, that the more the popperlation is brought to untimely ends by them destructive engines, the less demand there will be for shells or coffins. For, you see, between their Up and Down Trains, and their violent collusions agin each other, the poor relicts of mortality will be smashed to sich a flat compass, that there will be no berrying on 'em, except in portfolios."

RIDDLE.

WHY is a shepherd like an unfortunate man ?
—Because he always has " a crook in his lot."

A SKETCH OFF THE ROAD.

“ Whatever is, is right.”—POPE.

“ Laissez aller!”—IVANHOE.

“ ADIEU, mes amis! —I am gone down below. Mais, tout doucement, Monsieur Jacques — you will break your head!”

The language was doubtful: but the accent and tone were so decidedly French, that the pictorial faculty immediately presented a meagre, sallow-faced figure,—a sort of Monsieur Mallet or Morbleu—as the next addition to the company in the crowded cabin of the Lord Melville. Thanks to National Prejudice, fostered by State Policy, and confirmed by our Anti-Gallican Dramatists and Caricaturists, it has always been the popular notion that le Bœuf Gras was the only fat animal in France. Indeed, some thirty or forty years ago,—“when George the Third was King,”—the celebrated Living Skeleton would have been considered as a fair average specimen of his countrymen. A Frenchman any stouter than Romeo’s starved Apothecary

was a physical impossibility:—at the utmost, like his own Mât de Cocagne, he might become greasy, but not fat. Such was, in reality, my own impression in early life; and hence the Eidolon my fancy had conjured up of a foreigner

“As long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand!”

It was, however, a very different Personage who came stooping and labouring through the narrow aperture, which he quite filled up—like a pig squeezing into a hen-house. As the Man-Mountain entered *backwards*, and almost bent double, the mind unavoidably recurred to the Stout Gentleman of Washington Irving: whom the new-comer quite equalled in bulk, and rather exceeded in boisterousness: for he had taken his wine on board before embarking; and a little Achates who came with him had no small trouble in checking, or rather trying to check, the Big Man's exuberant gaiety. It would have been as easy to persuade Falstaff into Quakerism.

In the meantime the old Prejudice set to work, and could not help thinking—in common, perhaps, with two-thirds of the passengers then present—that so hearty and well-fed a fellow—big enough for a Small farmer—ruddy enough for a

butcher—and jolly enough for a Jack Tar—ought to have been an Englishman: and, as if to countenance this theory, the Stranger not only had some knowledge of our language, but exhibited very decided symptoms of Anglomania. He had travelled somewhere—perhaps between Paris and Calais—by an English Stage-Coach; and struck, no doubt, by the superiority of whip, drag, and team, the beautiful turn-out, and the admirable performance of horse and man, compared with the foreign Diligence and its cattle, had imbibed the fancy for the “Road” so prevalent amongst ourselves. In particular, one of the phrases of the craft had burnt itself into his heart like a love-posy. It haunted him like a tune. In season or out of season, and entwined with the most opposite topics, it was continually dropping from his lips, or rather rattling with a strong guttural emphasis from his throat, as thus: “All r-r-r-r-right, — let them do!”

The night was close and sultry, the passengers were numerous, and the cabin was, of course, one the cooler for the arrival of such a huge warm, breathing body, displacing an equal bulk of air.

“Sapperment! qu'il fait chaud!” ejaculated

the fat Frenchman, as he seated himself next his friend, at the end of one of the long tables. “Allons, mon ami—we must drink;” and, as he spoke, he intercepted the steward’s mate, “Hold, boy! garçon,—bring here some grogs.”

His companion vainly remonstrated against this order, alleging that the other had already drunk more than enough; but the Frenchman was resolute.

“Bah! ce n’est rien.—I am not bottlesome—du tout! du tout! All r-r-r-r-right—soyez tranquille. Ah! ah! here come the grogs—let them go.”

A glass of rum-and-water was mixed and swallowed in a twinkling; and a second was about to follow, when the friend anxiously interfered, and at last, by signs, desired the boy to take away the bottle and glass.

“All r-r-r-r-right—let them go!” said the Frenchman; but meaning quite the reverse, for unsuiting the action to the word, he made a snatch at the departing spirit. “Diable! stop! halte là!—give me my grogs.”

“No, no; take it away.”

“Mais, non—donnez-moi, vous dis-je!—give it to me!”

“But, my dear fellow——”

A SKETCH OFF THE ROAD.

“Chut, chut! vous êtes ivre. You see me drink two glasses for one.”

“But the passengers want to go to sleep.”

“All r-r-r-right—let them go!” said the Frenchman. “Ah! là voilà!” and he replaced the rum-bottle on the table: “à présent—tenez, la vie est courte—il faut boire. Your good healths, gentlemens. Vive l’Angleterre! I am going to ride all over you in a coach—ah, si beaux chevaux! all r-r-r-right—st-st—peste! I have broke the bottle all to bits!—hollo, boy!—more grogs.”

“My good fellow, do be quiet; you had better get into bed.”

“A la bonne heure,—get into it yourself—go inside; pour moi, non. I shall drink a bit more. Holo, boy! steward! come! vite! quick! he grogs—the grogs—the grogs! Bon: c’est un brave garçon! Now then, sir, all r-r-r-right—bon oyage—let them go!”

“Pray don’t drink any more.”

“Mon ami, à votre santé. It is good stuff! ncore un coup,—trink, boys, trink—groggs for er!—Allons, chanter un peu,—La, la, la, lira

“Hush! hush! they are all in bed.”

“No such thing: there are two misters at

the other table. Mais, non, he is only one. Never mind. Ah ! ah,—voici le Capitaine—My friend, will you not have some grogs ? Allons—goutez—where do you change your horses ? Allons!—ha ! ha !—all r-r-right—let them go ! n'est-ce-pas?—Attendez,—one day I will be a whip—parbleu de les ferai trotter—comme quatre !—eh, mon ami ? Mais voyez donc, il est malade—c'est sa faute—he would not take some grogs !—Oui, c'est ça—I must take warning of him—Hola ! boy !—some more—some more grogs. Quick ! fast !—or else I shall be sick. Look at my old fellow—ah le pauvre!—there he goes into his bed. Adieu, mon cher—dormez bien. A present—allons—buvons nous autres—bu-bu-bu-buvons—” and so forth, till the jovial Frenchman, dropping his head on the table, fairly muttered himself into a doze. Sleep could now go to sleep ; and snorings, pitched in various keys, began to sound from the different sides of the cabin.

The calm, however, was short: all at once there was a tremendous bounce that shook the very timbers of the vessel as if she had touched on a sand-bank. The Man Mountain had tumbled from his seat, and was rolling and talking on the floor.

“ Mon Dieu ! qu-y-a-t-il ?—I have fallen off the coach—oui, c'est ça—here is some bags and boxes—no, it is the ship !—Help—hola ! Boy ! garçon—ha ! ha ! ha !—c'est bien drôle !—Bon ! here is the boy !—tenez — tout doucement — all r-r-r-right—pick up my head and my legs—let them go !”

The boy heaved and hauled, as the sailors say, “ with a will ” at the prostrate carcase; but to raise such a body on its legs was no easy task, and to keep it perpendicular was still more difficult. Long and ludicrous was the struggle, till even Sleep, who had waked in a cross temper, was compelled to smile at the awkwardness of the scramble. At last, by dint of hugging and tugging, and heaving and twisting, the good-humoured Monster, who had never ceased talking, was propped up in a corner of the cabin.

“ Bon ! all r-r-right !—je vous remercie infiniment — come, you shall drink some — mais, regardez—quel dommage !—there has been one —how do you call it ?—quite a spill.”

“ Have you hurt yourself ?” inquired the friend from the bed.

“ Not a morsel !—Dieu merci !—sound wind and sound limb. Some grogs will make all well. Mais, parbleu, il fait grand vent !” and the

peaker gave a tremendous stagger, and then a lunge over the opposite table.

“ By Jove, I can’t stand it ! ” exclaimed the fiend, bolting feet foremost from his berth. He’ll dash out his brains ! ”

“ All r-r-r-right ! ” muttered the fat Frenchman, —“ let them go ! ”

* * * * *

The morning after my arrival in London, my good fortune afforded me another glimpse of the Jolly Foreigner. He was occupying rather more than his share of the box-seat of a long stage. The coach was on the point of starting,—the driver was buckling his reins,—and the helpers were ready to snatch the cloths from the wheels;—the Fat Frenchman, with his lips moving, as if silently rehearsing the favourite phrase, was silently watching the progress of the buckling; and no sooner was it completed, than—anticipating the coachman, and with a gusto not to be described in print—forth rattled, as guttural as ever, the appropriate sentence—“ All r-r-r-r-right—let them go ! ”

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#### A CAUTION.

BEWARE of angering a Blind Man. For he will strike you *as soon as look at you.*

## A POPULAR FALLACY.

IT is dishonest to deprive me of my goods "against my will." It is a dead robbery to make free with my live-stock. It is felony to abstract from my dwelling-house. It is larceny to take my purse or my handkerchief, my watch or my snuff-box. It is picking and stealing to thin my apples. It is theft to walk off with my shoes or stockings. It is prigging to sneak away with a teaspoon. It is pilfering to appropriate my toothpick or my loose change. It is filching to convey my hat from its peg, or my cloak from the hall. It is breach of trust to abscond with a few of my pounds, though I may have thousands still left at my banker's. But it is only a joke, forsooth, to run away with my knocker, and leave me *without a rap*.

## THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

THE Germans for Learning enjoy great repute ;  
 But the English make *Letters* still more a pur-  
 suit ;  
 For a Cockney will go from the banks of the  
     Thames  
 To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.



Suspended Animation.

SOME time ago a Professional Friend, who engaged in the study of Comparative Anatomy, became desirous of dissecting a Monkey. To this end he applied at a certain Menagerie, where he selected and purchased an animal of the required species, and which he directed to be killed, and then forwarded to his residence. Ac-

cordingly the next day he received, per Ca  
berwell carrier, a large basket with the follow  
genuine epistle:—

“ Sir,—Wen this cumbs to Hand the Monl  
is in the Hamper. And hope he will give Sat  
faxion havin bean carfully Kild without inje  
to the Carcus so as to be fit for a Specimin  
Nateral Histry or anytomical purpus as may  
preferd.

“ Me and Maples had a long consultin as to  
puttin on Him to deth, and at last both conclud  
the most properst Way would be Hangin, bec  
of his striking resemblans to the Human speci  
Witch was dun acording and as like a Man  
possibil xcept his repetid climing up the r  
with his hind legs as in course a Christian can  
how. Besides being so powerful in his limis  
obleeged me and Maples to pull at his differ  
legs, and even then cut capers astonishin a  
kickt like fun. Wherby he died very Hard, a  
witch not bein acompanied with old close a  
perquisits, like other hangings, we humbly hope  
will be considerd over and above his price as  
Subject, besides the shock to feelings with a han  
imal we'd bean acquainted with for so manr  
years. Poor Jocko! Both on us can shew the  
old marks of his Bites.









